

Territorial Secretary

TOURING
IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Marvelous Times—Fifty Souls Seeking God at the Mercy Seat—The Lieut.-Colonel's Compeer as Well as a Singer—Glorious Wind-up at St. John I.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Fredericton.

I met Lieut.-Colonel Margetts at Fredericton. Adj. McLennan had arranged a reception meeting at which the Provincial Officer read an address. The Colonel sang a solo of his own composition, entitled, "The Fountain," after which he threw his whole soul into the meeting, which resulted in seven coming to the Mercy Seat, seeking the blessing of God's beautiful full salvation.

Wednesday night we had a rattling march. The subject of the meeting was "Excuses," and the Colonel pitched in right and left. This meeting closed with two seeking God for pardon of their sins.

We were pleased to note the barracks has been beautifully painted inside, which reflects great credit upon the officers and soldiers. God bless Fredericton.

St. John I.

We had a good open-air meeting at the head of King St., and a beautiful crowd inside; the meeting was noted for its freedom. The soldiers and congregation gave the Colonel a tremendous ovation, and the P. O. read an address of welcome. The Colonel sang one of his favorite songs, "I cannot leave the dear old flag." A well-frayed prayer meeting brought four souls to Jesus' feet.

Carleton.

A nice congregation gathered at Carleton on the following evening. Staff-Captain Taylor was introduced at the outset as the new Chancellor, after which the Colonel received a hearty welcome. We had a magnificent wind-up, with six souls at the Mercy Seat. God came down and manifested His power. We toiled until almost the last moment, and had to run to catch the ferry boat to bring us back to the city. Carleton, which has been hard and barren for some time in the soul-saving line, is having a move. Quite a number of souls have been saved recently.

St. John II.

Here we spent Saturday night. It was a very bad wet night, nevertheless we had a swinging march. Uncle Ben, one of our old soldiers, was in evidence, and quite a few people gathered together in the barracks, the majority of the audience being backsliders. Here, again, the Lieutenant-Colonel sang, "I cannot leave the dear old flag," which was very applicable. God again came to our help, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls come to Jesus.

St. John III.

At No. III, we had a wonderful Sunday. The elements were against us—a down-pour of rain took place all day—yet we had magnificent crowds, the hall was packed at night, and many people standing. It was day of rich blessing, one of the old-fashioned, pentecostal times; in fact, it was the Anniversary of Pentecost, and God, the Holy Ghost, came and dwelt in us. We scored 25 souls for cleansing and pardon. It was nearly midnight when we landed back at Provincial Headquarters. The wind-up meeting of the Colonel's in the city took place at

St. John I.

All the corps suited. It was a glorious time. In the evening a "crowd" gathered round us we sang on our knees, "Oh, why wilt thou die, sinner, why?" The hall was nearly filled. The Colonel inhaled hard, God blessed him, and four sought the blessing of full salvation, bringing the number up to fifty souls for the week. The Lieut.-Colonel has now left for Newfoundland, while our humble servant is telling on at Provincial Headquarters.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

I start off by confessing that my Journal has been sadly neglected, and consequently can only consist of a few tough jottings of what has happened since I wrote last. I have, it is true, some good excuses, but they will be of little interest to my readers. What they naturally want is interesting reading, and not a few tame reasons for not furnishing it. But in all seriousness, the hot weather, the rolling of the steamer, the rush of the campaign, and a relapse of the Adelaide trouble, have hindered me discharging what is really the agreeable task of communicating with my dear comrades up and down the world, in this simple fashion.

Monday, April 3rd.

We left New Zealand for the Australian continent, which is some 1,200 miles away, in the S. S. Westralia, an excellent steamer, with a crowd of passengers, amongst whom was Lady Maufrey, the wife of His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand, together with a most genial Captain, full of sympathy for our welfare, who hails from the town of Derby, in the Old Country, and who, like the commander of our last vessel, is an out-and-out abstinent, never having tasted an intoxicant in his life.

Friday, 7th.

It has been a tedious and trying four day's passage to me, although Father Neptune has behaved himself very creditably, and everything possible has been done by my comrades to promote my comfort. I have been very poorly, a depressing sense of weariness being on me night and day, hindering sleep and making work all but impossible. At three p. m. the New South Wales coast, whither we are bound, came in sight, and with much satisfaction we steamed through the Heads into the beautiful harbor of Sydney, where, directly afterwards, the government steam yacht, kindly lent for the occasion, took us off to Manly, and about 6 o'clock we reached the House of Rest, which was exactly the place I needed.

BEAUTIFUL MANLY.

Saturday, 8th.

Manly, my readers must know, is a small town, but a growing pleasure resort, situated in a lovely corner of the bay, some twelve miles distant from the rich and thriving city of Sydney. About three miles from this township we have an estate, which, for beauty of situation, and wealth of promise in usefulness, it is difficult to imagine, and still more difficult to surpass in any part of the world. It has been described in the War Cry before. It consists of 1,200 acres, flanked by beautifully-wooded hills, running along the coast of the open sea for three or four miles. Amongst the land in the foreground are a number of swamps, which, when well cleared, will grow almost anything that can be desired, suitable to the climate. There is a large lake, called a lagoon, because, while consisting of fresh water, it has a connection with the sea. This piece of water abounds in fish, and is the home of the black swan, besides other native birds. By the report of the experts, there is on the estate a mountain of rich iron ore, and an inexhaustible deposit of the best day for terra cotta, tiles, bricks, and suitable purposes in the colony. The latter properties may not be of much immediate service to us in our reclamation work, but there is no question as to what can be done with the land when got into workable condition. Of that there is unanswerable evidence before my eyes in the splendid crops that were growing on the soil that had already been got under cultivation.

The whole estate was given to the Army some years ago, on our payment of an annuity, by an aged saint, who had the desire that her property should be turned to good account, after her death, and who thought that the Army

was the most likely agency for carrying out her wishes. Commissioner Coombs at once commenced operations, built the house in which I spent the quiet night, while the Commandant has, with energy and ability, pushed forward the improvements and extensions that I inspected. The change that has taken place since my last visit is truly remarkable. I should say that at present the place is utilized for furnishing employment for the out-of-work men of our Sydney Shelter.

AT SYDNEY.

At 5 p. m. we left for Sydney. A reception and march followed. At 7.30, soldiers' meeting in the Centenary Hall. There must have been 1,200 or 2,000 present, and a more enthusiastic, promising body of soldiers it has seldom been my delight to address. Still, physically and mentally, in every way, I was under the mark.

Sunday, 9th.

I was on the platform of the Town Hall by 11 o'clock, and the magnitude of the seven meetings I had to go through in it came before me with such vividness that I don't know that, since that two days' work I did in the Melbourne Exhibition seven years ago, I ever shrank as much from the physical strain involved in the task before me in my life. However, I had the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," and I went forward. The Sydney Town Hall has a fame quite its own, reaching far beyond the bounds of the city, of which it is one of the chief ornaments. The building, taken as a whole, is a massive structure, a little overdone, I should say, with ornament, both outside and in, but nothing can detract from the effect of its splendid boldness, and when the great hall is crowded, as it was our lot to have it again and again, it presents one of the most imposing sights of its kind to be found in any town or city of the world.

I talked with much diffidence to myself in the morning, but my comrades did not see it. In the afternoon the great building was gorged, and at night hundreds—some say thousands—were turned away. It was a mighty day. I don't think the results can be estimated by the 300 at the penitentiary. I may be mistaken, but my own impression is that everybody in the building was more or less convicted of the truth of what was spoken, if not satisfied that they ought at once to take the course recommended.

Monday, 10th.

Commenced rather gloomily, in the early hours of the morning, with a relapse of the same trouble from which I recently suffered at Adelaide. The three meetings in the town stared me in the face. What was to be done? Then, it was my birthday, and although its celebration had been postponed till the following night, I still wanted something to happen that would in some degree meet the expectations with which the day was so widely regarded.

God was again good to me, and as 11 o'clock approached I was sufficiently better to travel to the hall, and by infinite mercy I got through the three engagements. The results were remarkable, and at the close we rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Taking the actual Sydney campaign, it showed 370 at the penitentiary, of whom about 250 were now salvation.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Tuesday, 11th.

Morning, officers' meeting, and at night the celebration of my birthday. For a description of the latter event I must refer my readers to the Cry. I have only time to say it was a glorious gathering. The Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, Sir Frederick Darley, presided; my dear son, the Commandant, read a very affecting, and I might say remarkable, address, and a number of congratulatory mes-

sages from all parts of the colony and different parts of the world. The best I could to lead the audience for over an hour. A vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. G. H. Reid, the Premier, and seconded by Sir George Dibbs, the ex-Premier of the colony, in complimentary words, far beyond any deserving of mine. However, I have reason to believe that impressions for God and eternity were made on hundreds, if not thousands, of hearts that night, and that is the main object of my life.

Wednesday, 12th.

At 10 a. m., officers' meeting. The officers here impress me, in one respect at least, much as they do wherever I come, and that is, they are willing and capable, requiring more confidence in themselves, and more desperate energy in pushing the war forward. Oh, I left, as I looked over the 300 officers who faced me in the Majestic Hall that day, if they could but be brought into the full freedom and determination of the Holy Ghost, they would shake not only New South Wales, but the whole of Australia. I think they made a step or two forward in this direction.

The Premier was so pressing at the close of the previous night's meeting that I should spend an hour or so with him at the Treasury to-day, that I could not refuse, although I knew that I had three officers' meetings, none of which I was willing to relinquish. Accordingly, at 1 o'clock, accompanied by the Commandant and Commissioner Pollard, I was the guest of the Cabinet to luncheon. With the exception of Sir George Dibbs and the American Consul, the party was confined to the Ministers, of whom the whole of the Cabinet were present. We had a pleasant, and I hope, a profitable conversation, respecting the work of the Army in its bearing upon the responsibilities of governments with respect to the submerged classes. At the close I spoke on the subject. Again assurances were given as to the willingness of the government to render our Social operations all the assistance within its power. I counted the enthusiasm of the night before, and the respect shown me on this occasion, as a high tribute not only to the Social Work of the Army round the world in general, but to that in Australia in particular.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

My quarters, for convenience sake, are in the People's Palace. This building was erected for a hotel a few years ago, at a cost of some £30,000. Unfortunately for the proprietors, it proved a failure, lying comparatively useless for a long time. Six months ago it was rented by the Commandant, and turned into a monster Shelter and People's Hotel, and has so far proved a complete success. Each bed is occupied every night, as many as 320 sleeping in the place.

During the recent Congress it has been of immense service to the soldiers who have come in from the country for the meetings. They have been delighted to be so conveniently and economically lodged together with comrades from all parts of the colony. They have thus not only been at home in the meetings, but out of them. As I have looked at the great structure, towering above the surrounding buildings, and have gone in and out with the dear old uniform in every room, I have felt as though we were gradually coming nearer the usage of the Jewish people, who, in the ancient times, usually went up to Jerusalem to unite together in the worship of God.

South African Incident.

The penetrating power of the South African War Cry goes further and deeper than most people, even Salvationists, imagine. Just look at its last achievement in the Enquiry Department. We are asked to find Mr. So-and-so, "seventy years old, lame, last heard of fifteen years ago." This is considered a tall order, but knowing our Cry, we insert the advertisement, March 25th, and on the 11th of April we are furnished with address to England. He is out of the Cape Colony, but the Cry reaches a friend, who promptly passes it on to the wanted man, who communicates with us, and there you are!

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PREMIER

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The Com gratulatory good love asian offic which we tracts: "Belove How lapp officers an which the on this the birthday. whole-hen happy ret in which the suffer the world. General, a our offic should this sentiments allow such some exp feelings, C our fifth dear Gene still so vlp years—as te free, it the approv true of c upon the have tur mankind—which, al has lost u we are s and evoc thing of t ceemng y ou I on "On mety walk lame, last heard of fifteen years ago." This is considered a tall order, but knowing our Cry, we insert the advertisement, March 25th, and on the 11th of April we are furnished with address to England. He is out of the Cape Colony, but the Cry reaches a friend, who promptly passes it on to the wanted man, who communicates with us, and there you are!

The Soldier's First Duty.

(To our frontpiece.)

WHAT is a soldier's first duty? "I know," somebody answers, "it is courage, dash, bravery, recklessness, desperation and ambition. It must be, for we talk of the heroic deeds of the soldier, we sing about the bravery of the old knights, our poets have composed ballads and dramas on the accomplishments of dash and daring, and the newspapers report under big searchlights the desperate doings of courageous soldiers."

While admitting that courage is one of the finest qualifications of a soldier and the most conspicuous attribute, yet we assert that the first DUTY of a soldier is Obedience.

A company of soldiers, obedient to their captain, will accomplish more as a whole, than two companies of disobedient, although brave soldiers.

Bravery has the charm of the exercise of one's own free will, as well as attracting the admiration of men; obedience is a constant resigning of one's own choice to the command of the leader of the whole, and is, therefore, not a pleasant thing to self, neither does a dutiful obedience command the admiration of the crowd.

The universe is founded upon obedience; without it the whole creation would fall to pieces. But the laws of God are implicitly obeyed by whirling worlds and the smallest dew-drop. Man only, having a free will, can and does disobey; to the destruction of his happiness and hope.

Disobedience turned angels into fiends, robbed mankind of Paradise, and unfitted the Son of God to the sent the plagues into Egypt, made Saul a suicide, dethroned David, turned Nebuchadnezzar into a beast, and scattered the Israelites to the four winds, making the chosen people of God a people without nationality.

"To obey is better than sacrifice," it is written in the book of books, although to sacrifice appears greater than to obey in general. At all ages people have been very ready to appease their conscience by occasional sacrifice, when they never were ready to render a continual obedience. The Field Commissioner puts the truth tersely in the following words, "Obedience is the first and last gate of a Christian's life."

Schiller, the great German poet, illustrates the beauty and first place of obedience in the Christian's duties, in an excellent poem, "The fight with the Dragon." The essence of the story runs as follows:

A young member of an old Christian order of knights was eager to render some distinguished service to the people. These old knights were not only monks and missionaries in one, but had to fight as well against wild beasts and hostile tribes to protect the people among whom they resided. In this case the country had been scourged—the legend runs—by a monstrous dragon, who from time to time would raid the country, carrying away man and cattle. Many a valiant knight had endeavored to slay the brute, but had perished in the attempt, and the commander of the order had issued a decree forbidding his members to attempt, single-handed, combat with the dragon. This youth, however, was determined to try. Securing a furlough, he left the cloister and his ancestral castle, trained his horse and dogs to the combat, having made an image of the monster out of rags. At last he attempts the feat, conquers and kills the dragon, and brings the carcass trailing through the streets. He now stands before his Superior, having recounted his adventure. We give the conclusion in the poet's own version:

The joys abouts, so long suppressed,
Now burst from every heart's breast,
Soon as the knight these words had spoken:

And ten times 'gainst the high vault broken,
The sound of mingled voices rang
Re-echoing back with hollow clang.

The Order's sons deemed, in haste,
That with a crown his brow he gaced.

And gratefully in triumph now
The mob the youth would bear a-long—

When, lo! the Master knelt his brow,
And called for silence 'mongst the throng.

And said, "The dragon that this land
Laid waste, thou slew'st with daring hand;

Although the people's idol thou,
The Order's foe I deem thee now.
Thy breast has to a fiend more base
Than e'en this dragon given place.
The serpent that the heart most stings,
And lured and destruction brings,
That spirit is, which stillborn lies,
And implicitly exists on the reins,
Despising order's sacred ties:
'Tis THAT destroys the world a-man.

"The Mammetke makes of courage
boast,
Obedience decks the Christian knight;
For where our great and blessed Lord
As a mere servant walk'd abroad,
The Fathers, on that holy ground,
This famous Order chose to found,
That righteous duty to fulfill,
To overcome one's own self-will!
'Twas idle glory moved thee there:
So take thee hence from out My sight!

For who the Lord's yoke cannot bear,
To wear His cross can have no share."

A furious shout now rose the crowd,
The place is filled with outcries loud:
The brethren all for pardon cry:
The youth in silence droops his eye—
Mute, his garments from him throw.
Kisses the Master's hand, and—gone.
But he pursues him with his gaze,
Recalls him lovingly, and says:
'Let Me embrace thee now, My son:
The harder light is gazed by thee,
Take, then, this cross—the keystone
won
By self-subdued humility."

Warm Western Welcome

TO THE
NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE
PACIFIC PROVINCE.

It was a warm welcome, of course it was. You always get that in the S. A., especially in the West, and I can assure you that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage's welcome to the Pacific Province was no exception to the rule. The reception took place on Wednesday night. The Brigadier led, and the harkness was jerked to the doors.

A case of curiosity, you say? No, sir! That is no unusual thing for a week-end meeting in Spokane, and is a dead certainty if there is something special announced. The Sergt. Major welcomed the Staff-Captain on behalf of the soldiers in the Corps and Division, and called upon all those who would stand by the new Chancellor to stand to their feet. Not only all those on the platform, but also a number in the audience, responded.

Adj. Dodd made one of his characteristic speeches on behalf of the new officers, and Ensign Stevens said her little piece for the women officers in the Province. Both gave the Staff-Captain and his family a hearty welcome, and expressed their confidence in them, and prophesied that they were going to have a successful stay. The Brigadier had a few more words and Staff-Captain Gage responded for himself and Mrs. Gage, who was unavoidably detained from the meeting. He was glad to be present, and believed that God was going to make him a blessing, and he would try to be a help to everyone. He was sure that God was going to help him, and bless his labors.

An officers' tea followed, when we sat down to a well-spread table provided by Adj. and Mrs. Dodd and assistants. A very enjoyable time was spent.

COLUMBUS.

So and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward doubt-
ing—

Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

—A. A. Procter.

Scored Again!

WEST ONTARIO MAY COUNCILS.

Division of Labor Among the Speakers.

Promotions—Commissions—Enthusiasm—Ice Cream.

Major Southall, the ever-alert P. O. of this Province, under a good stroke of the holiday rates to gather in council his officers on the 23rd and 24th of May. The S. A. Citadel, London, presented a very lively appearance by the arrival of some thirty officers from different parts of the Province.



The council had been well boomed through the Province, and the officers came with the highest expectations; it is certain none were disappointed. A novel feature of the council was the apportioning of different subjects, covering every phase of the war, to the different D. O's, who handled their job masterly.

First Session.—At 2:30 p.m. the officers met in the week-night hall of the Citadel, and after some reading prayer, and beseeching the Throne of Grace, our worthy Provincial Officer rose to speak amid deafening volleys and clapping of hands. The Major expressed his pleasure at having another opportunity of seeing his officers, and went on to speak of the work of our Army, and the tremendous possibilities that lay ahead of us. The Major cited the case of an eminent divine who recently said, "The religion of the next century will be that of the Salvation Army." The Major also gave some very encouraging figures of the advances made the last year.

The P. O. read a letter from our beloved Commissioner, who had so kindly and thoughtfully remembered us, the reading of which brought forth tremendous volleys, showing the love and esteem that each officer holds for their leader. A return message of love and loyalty was sent by the Major, each officer giving expression to their determination to stand by their leader and the dear old Flag.

Capt. Keeler gave us a brand new song, which went with a swing.

Ensign Melting, in handling his subject, "Organization," made some capital points about the J. S. work.

Adj. Combs used his subject, "Special Efforts," with good effect, and we are sure if the officers will only follow the lines laid down by the Adjutant, that the W. O. P. Harvest Festival and Self-Denial efforts cannot help but be a success.

Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn were extended a hearty welcome by the Provincial Staff and Field Officers. The Adjutant handled his subject, "How to run a hard corps," in a masterly way, giving some of his experience, which must prove helpful to all.

A tea was provided by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond and Capt. Clark, with the co-operation of the London soldiery. A fine spread it was, too, and they deserve great credit.

The night session was a season of blessing. Mrs. Adj. Hughes sang and spoke to us on "How to Boon the Cry." She handled her subject splendidly.

The next subject, "Discipline," was allotted to our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips, who, in a well-thought-out address, showed the importance, what it really meant, and the necessity of every one in our ranks adhering to it. The Staff-Captain also spoke of many other points of vital importance to our work in the Army.

Mrs. Major Southall, who holds a warm place in every officer's heart, was the next speaker, and gave a most blessed and God-inspired talk, taking for her subject, "Love." She read the 13th chapter of 1. Cor., dissecting each verse in an able manner. Mrs. Southall spoke of the "pressed man" and the "volunteer." She was listened to with rapt attention. The hallowed influence of the Holy Ghost was such in the meeting that the officers, though somewhat weary with travelling, were loath to leave, though it was nearly half-past ten.—W. J. W.

Thursday morning the council opened with a sing and found the Major in good trim. The P. O. dealt with several questions affecting the Province, in a convincing manner, after which we were treated to a solo from Ensign Ormsby. It is well to recall the fact that the majority of the officers present. When the Ensign had got through with his solo he directed us in his subject, "How to arouse interest in a corps," in such a manner that his listeners were convinced that the speaker knew whereof he spoke.

To Ensign Wakefield was entrusted the subject, "How to manage a corps," and his remarks were full of force and sound logic. Adj. Hughes gave a practical talk on "The art of saving," giving some valuable hints on conducting Sunday night meetings. Staff-Capt. Cowan's address on "Personal Religion," was a real treat, and came as the dew of Heaven to our souls.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips' "Observations" were terse and bright. The Major's closing address was a masterpiece. We had a heart-searching time. The closing moments of these May councils will linger long in our memories, and in that last consecration scene we believe vows were made, the carrying out of which will result in a mighty upward sweep in Western Ontario. Thus, closed the council.—"Hills made for."

The Night Public Meeting.

This meeting will be long remembered by the officers of the W. O. P. and the Salvationists of the Forest City. The bulletin board announced: "Great War Memories Meeting: Commemoration of Field Officers, and Ice Cream Social!"

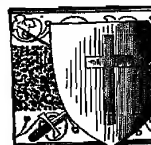
At 7:30 the band left the Citadel, headed by the famous London Band, also the host of visiting officers. A rousing open-air meeting was led by Adj. Combs, after which the march returned to the Citadel where the opening song was sung out by our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips. While it was being sung our loved Provincial Officers entered the building, and amid clapping and blustering of horns they took their places on the platform. After Adj. Combs and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips had prayed, the Major took hold and everything went on without a hitch.

Mrs. Adj. Combs was the first speaker, and she, as well as other former officers of this corps, who followed, was greeted with a regular tornado of applause—Adj. Hughes, Capt. Telford and Capt. Hutcheon had a share in this. Mrs. Adj. Hughes also sang and spoke, this being her first public appearance in London.

After this part of the meeting was gone through, came the commemoration of some 50 officers. It was an interesting proceeding. Before reviving their appointments the Major called on five Lieutenants—Burrows, Slater, Carr, Batel and Copeman—to sing a quartette (which they did in good Army style), after which, to their great surprise, they were promoted to the rank of Captain. Our tried and faithful comrade, Capt. Crawford, was also promoted by the Commissioner to the rank of Ensign. All these promotions were received with great applause. The Major then made the appointments.

We then had a few words from Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips and Mrs. Southall, who made a fitting appeal to all present to rise to their privileges, and obey God and go forth to save souls.

We finished up with three songs at the Fountain. Thus closed one of the best series of councils and meetings the writer ever attended. Silver Spray.



WEEKLY WATCHWORD:

Rejoice, though storm
Rejoice when skies
Rejoice, though round
Is spread the gloom
If the good hope be
That all at last is
Then let thy happy
With joyful feelings

Rejoice, rejoice for e
Though earthly frie
For silently and swift
The wheels of time
And still they bear t
Nearer that happy
While the triumph
Rejoice for evermore

Daily T

SUND.

Repentance the Rom
I. Chron.

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revelation of sin, fo
possibility; yet, al
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The more genuin
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Gladdness is the new
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wholeheartedly the
Him Who is the sa
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MONI

The Saints' Unseen
I. Peter

The joy of Christ
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yet stand without
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stand the joy-ligh
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means a character
life of liberty.

WEDN

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xl

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to weep with the
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To find plenum
Christians' seen

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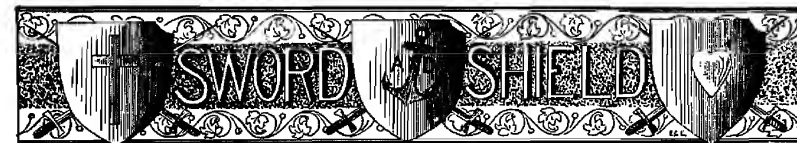
Thursday morning the council opened with a sin and found the Major in the chair. The P. O. dealt with several questions affecting the Process. In a convincing manner, after the war was treated to a solo from Miss Gredford. It voiced the sentiments, we think, of the majority of the leavers present. When the Eulogia got through with his solo he delivered a subject, "How to arrange letters in a corps," in such a manner that the leavers were convinced that the Major knew whereof he spoke.

On Sunday the 10th was entrusted to Staff-Capt. Phillips, who, in a well-weighed address, showed its importance, what it really meant, and the necessity of every one in our ranks adhering to it. The Staff-Captain also spoke of many other points of vital importance to our work in the Army. Mrs. Major Southall, who holds a prominent place in every officer's heart, was the next speaker, and gave a most interesting and God-inspired talk, taking for her subject, "Love." She read the 13th chapter of I. Cor., dissecting each verse in an able manner. Mrs. Southall spoke of the "pressed man" and the "volunteer." She was listened to with rapt attention. The blessed influence of the Holy Ghost was such that the meeting that the officers, though somewhat weary with travelling, were able to leave, though it was nearly 11 p.m.—W. J. W.

The Night Public Meeting. The meeting will be long remembered by the officers of the W. O. P. The Salvationists of the Forest. The bulletin board announced: From War Memorials Meeting; misunderstanding of Field Officers, and Cream Social."

7:30 the march left the Citadel, led by the famous London Band, the host of visiting officers. A long open-air meeting was held by the Coombs, after which the march led to the Citadel where the opening was lined out by our worthy Major, Staff-Capt. Phillips. While he was being sung our loved Provincial hymn and singing of hymns, they took their places on the platform. Adj. Coombs and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips had prayed, the Major held and everything went on as a matter of course.

Adj. Coombs was the first to speak, and she, as well as other officers of this corps, who followed, were greeted with a regular outburst of applause. Adj. Hughes, Capt. and Capt. Hancock had a part in this. Mrs. Adj. Hughes also spoke, this being her first appearance in London. The next part of the meeting was through, came the commissioning of 50 officers. It was an interesting proceeding. Before receiving appointments the Major called on Lieutenant-Burrows, Stacey, Baird and Copeman—singing a hymn (which they did in good style), after which, to their great joy, they were promoted to the rank of Captain. Our tried and faithful Major, Capt. Crawford, was also promoted by the Commissioning to the rank of Major. All these promotions were received with great applause. The then made the appointments. Then he had a few words from Mrs. Capt. Phillips and Mrs. Southall, made a loving appeal to all present to their privileges, and they all went forth to save souls. The meeting was finished with three songs at 11:15. Thus closed one of the series of councils and meetings which ever attended—Silver



WEEKLY WATCHWORD: "Rejoice."

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night;
If the good hope be in thee,
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell!

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone;
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearest that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is
Rejoice for evermore.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Repentance the Road to Rejoicing.—
I. Chron. xvi. 10.

To the conscience, stricken by the revelation of sin, joy looks a remote possibility; yet, such are nearer happiness than the untowardly cheerful. To experience the sweets of salvation, there must be keen sorrow for sin. The more genuine the man's repentance, the more joyous his rejoicing. Gladness is the inevitable outcome of contrite grief. For those who seek wholeheartedly find in His fulness Him Who is the satisfaction of their souls.

MONDAY.

The Saints' Unseen Source of Joy.—
I. Peter i. 8.

The joy of Christ is not an experience to be dogmatized upon, nor even to be minutely described. They who know it need no words with which to enhance such glory; they who as yet stand without such happiness must find its secret before they can understand the joy-light that glows in the sky of the Christian undimmed by circumstances or sorrow.

TUESDAY.

Pleasure only in Things Profitable.—
I. Cor. xiii. 6.

God hasten the day when people who have every desire in their hearts, will only take pleasure in the same! Gospel and other kindred titles—these are not the pastimes for saints to indulge in—to rejoice in the truth means a character of integrity and a life of liberty.

WEDNESDAY.

Joy in the Joy of Others.—Romans xii. 15.

Many people whose sympathy is drawn out to share another's grief, keep their lips tight when their friends rejoice. It is as much our duty to rejoice with those that rejoice as it is to weep with those that weep. It is a higher form of unselfish interest to share the joy of another than to sympathize with their sorrow.

THURSDAY.

Delight in the Details of Daily Duty.—
Deut. xii. 7.

Those who wait for great occasions, for mighty revelations and enhancing events to call forth joy will not live happy lives. Happiness is chiefly found in content in small things. Cheerfulness in the fulfilling of daily duty makes heaven in the heart amidst the most adverse surroundings.

FRIDAY.

Celestial Joy Found in Suffering.—
Acts v. 41.

To find pleasure in pain is one of the Christian's secrets, and an unexplained

sole mystery to the world. The joy of bearing a cross for the Crucified, of being counted worthy to endure hardships, and circumstances trying and painful, holds brighter and more blessed feeling than any other providence of Jehovah.

SATURDAY.

The Soul-Saver's Crown of Joy.—Ps. exxvi. 6.

The positive pleasure of a soul-saving life is the experience nearest heavenly bliss offered to anyone this side of the pearly gates. Though there may be the tears, the toll and the agony, there is ever the sure fruition to look forward to of that glorious moment when all who have sought the lost will meet them on the Morning as found; and in the hearing of those eternal melodies, the toll of them will ever be forgotten.

OUR JOY.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Oh, Hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find—ah! this
Nor pen nor tongue can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but the saved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.



Jesus at Jacobs' Well.

John iv. 9-26.

The first words spoken by Jesus to the woman at the well must have at once convinced her that, although a Jew in aspect, the traveler sitting by the wayside was unlike any other of this nationality whom she had ever met.

All her life the woman had been accustomed to the strained relations existing between the Jews and the Samaritans. We can scarcely imagine the extent of this racial prejudice which in those days generally resulted in much bitter feeling on both sides. From time immemorial the Jews had despised the Samaritans, looking down upon them as a lower and heathen race. Although, so far as we know, the Samaritans were a peace-loving and mild race, and manifested no enmity towards their fellow countrymen, they would not, naturally, entertain

friendly feelings towards them, and be little disposed to expect or receive blessing at their hands.

For a Jew to ask even so small a gift as a drink of water from a Samaritan, was an unheard-of thing, and this request of Jesus must have at once surprised His listener. But the more we know of the character and teaching of our Lord the less we should be surprised at this action of Jesus. Was it not His mission to make all men one in God, and to do away with the strife that had made man the enemy of man?

The aim of Christ is still the same, and through His servants He now would speak those lessons of love and kindness which go to tell that in God's sight all are equal, and all men brothers.

Living water is one of the most beautiful smiles for salvation used in the Bible. When Christ said, referring to the partaker of this heavenly draught, "He shall never thirst" He

did not speak of the physical thirst, which was the only kind the Samaritan knew of, but of that deep thirst of the soul, which only God can satisfy, and only His salvation can quench.

This spiritual thirst is as real as the living water which satisfies it. Although there is lamentably little of that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which God has pledged Himself so wonderfully to fulfill, yet there is a sense in which even the unconverted are filled with the craving for God. The desire is often a hidden one, the longing frequently a smothered one, but behind many a seemingly careless exterior, it is there all the same, to be applied to, to be increased, and then to be led to the only source for its satisfaction.

Living water—is this the kind of salvation we possess? No stagnant, non-advancing stream, but an ever-renewing aggressive force springing up within the heart and influencing the life. Stagnant streams are the soonest to dry up. Non-progressive solitaires are the quickest to drop out of the ranks. God keep our experience a fresh and a flowing one.

A MERRY HEART.

A merry heart! A merry heart!
It singeth all day long,
Though called with divers things to part.

His joy is deep and strong,
In spite of Satan's fiery dart,
It riseth high its song.

Oh, would'st thou, friend, the secret know,
Of such a heart as this,
Possessing such a peaceful flow
Of ecstasy and bliss?

Whenever Jesus bids it go—
It has one answer, "Yes,"
Obedience is the vital breath
Of such a merry heart.

Quite ready, be it life or death,
To do the better part?
It firmly holds the shield of faith,
And quenches every dart.

The merry heart hath endless feast,
And Christ partakes therein,
He deigns to dwell with e'en the least
That will but part with sin.

Ah, when the inward strife hath ceased,
Then Heaven doth here begin!

His heart was broke to make mine glad,
My joy was dearly bought,
How oft His countenance was sad,
While He man's freedom wrought!

O that a thousand tongues I had
To praise Him as I ought!

—Albert Tristram.



CHRIST AT THE WELL IN SAMARIA.

The Royal City,

And the Record of its S. A. Corps.

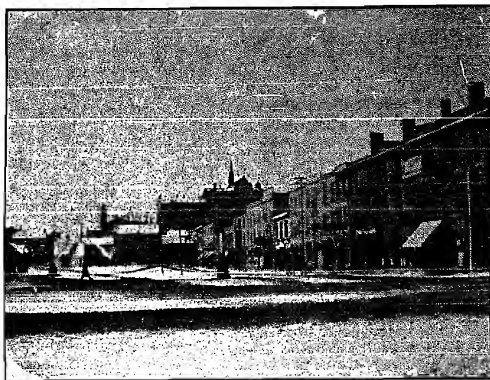
By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

No one was ever known to dispute the fact that Guelph is a pretty city, with its triangular blocks and wooded crescents opening to the view, as you walk along its streets, its sloping hills crowned with beautiful buildings, and the river winding its way in and out, turning in its course many a wheel for flour and woolen mill, electric light works, etc., for the River Speed is useful to the manufacturing industries, as well as beautifying to the city. There is also an old-fashioned log station, purposely spared as a relic of early days, which would yet lend the traveller to believe he was in the new country.

But it is as an Army officer I have observed Guelph, and naturally my

has his interest flagged up to the present, for to-day he is as warm a friend as in days of old. The present Mayor, Mr. R. E. Nelson, does not differ from his predecessors in this respect, and in any philanthropic scheme the Army has on foot, lends his kindly aid and co-operation.

Institutions Open to Us
Another evidence of the favor of the city is the free access granted to our League of Mercy sisters to the jail and hospital, and the most kindly treatment from all the officials connected therewith. In this issue you will find the photographs of two of the League of Mercy sisters—Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Dawson is

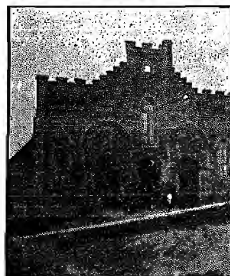


Market Square, Guelph.

Interest has been centred on the Army, its attitude to the city, and that of the city towards it, and after eight months spent in it, I've come to the conclusion that Guelph possesses some good people as well as its share of clever and intellectual citizens. The chief characteristic is the love of justice and right which seems to predominate. Just one little instance: A certain brass band made an appeal to the City Council for a grant to be allowed them from the city funds, when the suggestion was immediately made that the Army band should have a grant also, revealing the fact that our band is by no means unappreciated in the city.

Proper Mayors.

It is a peculiar feature in the history of the city that from the commencement of our operations here, the Mayor elected from year to year has always shown a marked interest in the Army. The first to take our part when curiosity regarding our work was followed by opposition, was Mayor Stevenson, whose photograph appears in this issue, and his kind and Christian spirit has never changed during the fifteen years of smiles and tears the corps has passed through. Mayor Lamprey also did the Army many a good turn, nor



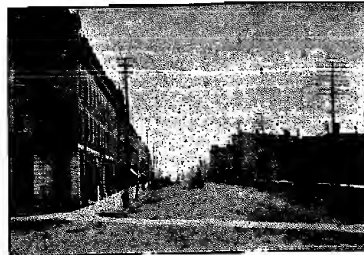
S. A. Barracks, Guelph.

probably better known as Captain Churchill, who first opened fire in Guelph, and she is not one whit less blood-and-fire than in days of yore. She has the oversight of the League of Mercy sisters, and in that capacity has full scope for her energies. Equally well-known in Ontario as in Guelph, is her husband, ex-Ensign Dawson. His tall, manly figure will be remembered in many a town and city corps. He now fills the position of Junior Sergeant-Major, and is universally loved and esteemed. He is faithful as a home-worker, and the J. S. War is in good hands. Six little Dawsons, all full of life and health, are Salvationists by birth and education. The eldest one, Byron, already plays a horn in the band.

Band Appreciated

Certainly the Army enjoys great privileges in Guelph. The City Council grants us the use of the park for our Sunday afternoon meetings during the hot summer weather. And what meetings they are! Everybody enjoys them, rich and poor, young and old, saved and unsaved. Then there is our first open-air stand, on St. George's

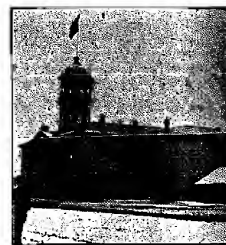
Square, just before the big Post Office. It is the popular stand to-day. All the summer months the entire Saturday night meetings are held here, and as the crowds pass in and out of the



Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Norfolk St. Methodist Church, Guelph.



Town Hall, Guelph.

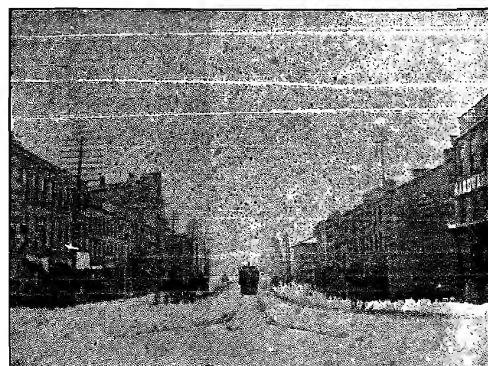
Post Office, sending and receiving messages, they stop to listen to the Army band and then receive a message, not on paper, but direct upon the tables or their hearts from some red-hot Salvationist, such as Mrs. Scott or the renowned Walter Scott, or perhaps one of the band boys.

Mrs. Simpson must not be overlooked in this small epistle of Guelph, for perhaps her worth tells on the morals of the city more than any one Salvationist beside. Many a guilty prisoner has grasped her hand while the hot tears fell upon it. Many a dying man and woman has blessed the day she entered the hospital ward. Her flock of three little girls are with her, heart and soul in the Army, the eldest one, Eva, taking her place regularly in the War Cry rounds and in the band.

More War Crisps are sold in the city to-day than have been for over six years—225 weekly and special Crisps 250.

Burr's Factory.

While I am on the subject of War Cry selling, I should like to say a word or two about Mr. Burr's factory hands, as represented in the accompanying photo. They are a loyal crowd to the Cry. Every week I sell 40 there, and there are many warm friends of the Army among them. Two or three of them have brothers who are officers, several have relatives who are Salvationists. In the group are the Messrs. Burr, two brothers who own the factory. Their cheerful faces are to be seen at any time on the floors or in the office. They've always been warm friends to the Army, and we esteem it a great privilege that we are allowed weekly to sell our papers, never being told we are taking up valuable time. Much of the credit, too, may be given to the foremen on the different shifts, who are as cordial in their welcome from week to week



Lower Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Mayor R. E. Nelson.

as any, and are very eager door shall not be behind in Cry. This group gave our last Self-Denial effort they deserve a volley, and all for Jesus.

Although churches are not this not very large city, a distinct congregation, varying from the old, tried for roughs, whom we are always. The best of harmonious platform and people winter has seen some big ed.

Bro. Cormie is faithfully what great and mighty has done for him; how in shed, where the Army on staggered to the penitent worse for liquor, and the sons of God was breath soul. For fifteen years firm. In many a practical proves his gratitude to God does he hear the cry of need, but his sympathies



Central School, Guelph.

I was speaking of a recently opened, when some reference to it. "It is in and boiling over with on which I replied, "Ah, but come through the fire it has proved itself. In nothing could capsize the. They're tried, proved and speed it. It must increase ation is solid, the Junior slave, the city favorable, legion, and best of all, G

Bount on a voyage of av and dangers little know A stranger to superior s Man valuly trusts his But ours alone can we're To reach the distant e The breath of heaven m sal, Or all the toll is lost.



Mr. Stevenson.

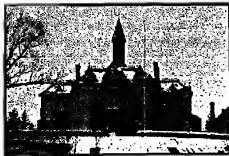


Mayor R. E. Nelson.

as any, and are very eager that their floor shall not be behind in buying the Cry. This group gave about \$9 to our last Self-Donation effort. I think they deserve a volley, and I covet them all for Jesus.

Although churches are nicely filled in this not very large city, we have our distinct congregation, varying in character from the old, tried friends, to the roughs, whom we are always glad to see. The best of harmony exists between platform and people. The past winter has seen some big sinners saved.

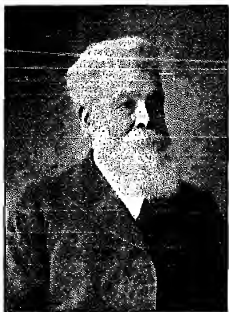
Bro. Corrie is faithfully telling out what great and mighty things God has done for him; how in the old drill shed, where the Army opened fire, he staggered to the penitent form the worse for liquor, and the liberty of the sons of God was breathed into his soul. For fifteen years he has stood firm. In many a practical way he proves his gratitude to God, for never does he hear the cry of distress or need, but his sympathies are reached.



Central School, Cuelph.

I was speaking of a new corps recently opened, when some one said, in reference to it, "It is in its first love, and building over with enthusiasm," to which I replied, "Ah, but Cuelph has come through the fire and storm and has proved itself. In my opinion nothing could expel the old ship now. They're tried, proved and true." God speed it. It must increase, the foundation is solid, the Junior war progressive, the city favorable, opportunities legion, and, best of all, God is with us.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But ours alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. —Cowper.



Mr. Stevenson.



Cuelph War Cry Brigade.

Ensign Ottaway, Eva Simpson, P.M. S. M. Smith, J. H. Treas, Scott, Capt. Ooe, S. M. Scott.

DESPERATE.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE above was the heading of a newspaper description of a suicidal venture and accomplishment. A man, about 40 years of age, and seemingly tired of life, put an end to his own existence in this world.

It was indeed a desperate act. Whatever his past may have been I

know not, but life's doings were ended in this one and tragedy. Two attempts were made to accomplish his purpose. The first was a jump into the great Mississippi, but when he felt the cold waters about him, his nerves failed, and he drew himself out.

The second attempt was a successful one. He sat down upon the river bank, where he could plainly hear the roar of the falls beyond, and across the water he could see the lights of a big city after dark. There, however, seemed no hope for him, so he made up his mind to there and then end all. Leaning his back against a post the trigger of a revolver was pulled by his own hand, and his soul passed on, as the newspaper put it, "to worlds unknown."

You say, "Poor man, tired of life!" Why was it? It may have been because life's tide had gone against him, and he felt he could not stem its current, or, perhaps, weakness of mind had led to so rash an act.

He need not have become tired of living, for life to him might have been made sweet had he pursued the right course, and looked to the Strong for strength.

Oh, how many a man has tired of life. Its attractions once pleased, its



Ensign Ottaway.

vanities were esteemed for a season. His future seemed studded with stars of hope for years of gaiety, but he proves to his sorrow that pleasures not born of heaven are fleeting, and leave an empty void.

Carried onward by an ever-increasing yearning for more of life's pleasures, he finds how unsatisfactory life is, as he asks himself, "Is this all?" Like the man who sat on the bank of the Mississippi, within hearing of the falls and within sight of the city, so he sits on the bank of life's river. He can hear below and beyond the sound of hell's entrance. One more plunge and a little more drifting will bring him within reach of its seething, destroying power and he is dashed over into an awful hell. And he may sit on the banks of

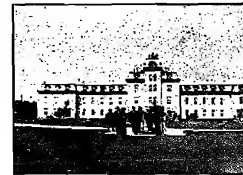


Ex-Mayor Lamprey, Cuelph.

sin's river, and looking up and across, see the glimmering lights of the heavenly city, which beckon him on by every flicker to the place of safety and happiness.

Instead of plunging into sin's depths all he has to do is to forfeit his present evil, call to his aid the Heavenly Father, and placing his confidence in Him, he is borne across to that place where sin cannot enthrall, where hope is never deferred or blighted, and where life is lived on in perpetual happiness.

Reader, have you proved life's gaiety but a flash that does not satisfy? Have the chafing of this world's perplexities and petty trials so worn your spirit that there seems only a span between you and self-destruction? Have the disappointments of life and the darkness of sin's night so caused a cloud of gloom to rest upon you that all seems very dark? If so, look up.



Agricultural College, Cuelph.

for there is now bending across sin's waters, lights from the land of hope, which shine for you.

It is true, sin's current is attractive, and the devil whispers, "Take another plunge, drift a little further down the stream," but you consider not the swiftness of the current, and the weakness of your own flesh as the devil does. He knows that a little more drifting means that you go over the falls of eternal ruin.

Rise up, sinner, and call upon the One mighty to save and strong to deliver. Place yourself in the care of Him who is all powerful, shut your ears to the devil's suggestions, and laying aside every weight allow Him to steer you safely over. In your going, reach out a helping hand to pull someone else out of sin's current, and then life will be a joy, as true joy comes from a deep realization of our own safety and the helping of others.



Bro. Alex. Corrie.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

ADJUTANT STANYON, of Territorial Headquarters, to be STAFF CAPTAIN.

ENSIGN WELSH, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN TURPIN, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN MEHARG, Chatham Corps and District, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN BRINGTON, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN STEVENS, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Kerr, of Hamilton Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Lowry, of Montreal Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Jennie Crawford, of West Ontario, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Sitzer to be Captain.

Lieutenant Burrows to be Captain, and to assist at Chatham.

Lieutenant Baird to be Captain at Bathwell.

Lieutenant Carr to be Captain at Brantford.

Lieutenant Capeman to be Captain at Seaforth as 2nd.

Cadet-Captain Coy to be Captain at Berlin.

Appointments:—

ADJUT. MAGER, late on furlough, to North Sydney Corps and Cape Breton District.

ADJUT. WOODROFF, late on furlough, to Nelson Corps and Kootenai District.

ADJUT. COOMBS, of Brantford, to Chatham Corps and District.

ADJUT. MEHARG, of Windsor, to Brantford Corps and District.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE, of Berlin, to Essex.

ENSIGN HILL, to Belleville Corps and District.

ENSIGN STAGERS, of Belleville Corps and District, to Port Hope Corps and Chatham District.

ENSIGN CLUCHTON to Windsor, N. S., Corps and District.

Capt. Hagen, of the Pacific Province, transferred to the United States.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Peace on Earth.

The Peace Conference is making better advancement than the prospects of the opening promised and the newspapers presaged. It appears that universal disarmament, however desirable, was considered to be premature and practically impossible at the time, when by a splendid stroke of the British representative the question of universal arbitration was brought up. Russia, having anticipated the surprise, at once produced a document containing a draft of such an institution. The American delegates are also introducing a proposal for the establishment of a Permanent Board of International Arbitration. There is now every hope that such a similar proposal will be finally accepted by all representatives, which will mean a magnificent advance towards making war an impossibility. Every follower of Christ should continue to exercise a fervent faith on behalf of the proposals now before the convention.

Goodwill to Man.

It is a most encouraging sign of the times that questions like the Chinese complications, the Fashoda quarrel, the Samoan trouble, the Transvaal dispute, etc., which were fraught with dangers of international strife, and each of which at one time would have provoked war, are now more and more becoming subject to calm discussion and arbitration. The nations are weary of war and its burden, for even the victor in modern war has to pay dearly for his glory, and often suffers equally with the defeated nation. May the angels of Justice and Mercy be triumphant in for ever destroying the demon of war!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

CONDUCTS A

United Soldiers' Meeting at Lisgar Street.

SOLDIERS TURN OUT EN MASSE—COMMISSIONER TALKS TO READY LISTENERS ABOUT PERSONAL SALVATION—A SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Another united soldiers' meeting, this time for the Salvationists in the Western half of the city, was conducted by the Field Commissioner on Tuesday, May 23rd, and the announcement of it was sufficient to fill the Lisgar St. barracks with a happy crowd of uniformed soldiers, Cadets and officers. The preliminaries at once presaged a good meeting. The Commissioner was in good trim for the meeting, and before taking up her lesson, said she had a little pleasant duty to fulfill, which was altogether too seldom the case, since the more grave responsibilities overshadowed such bright—but brief—occasions. She proceeded then to promote Ensigns Turpin and Welch to the rank of Adjutants, and Adj. and Mrs. Stanyon to the rank of Staff-Captains. These announcements were each received with much applause. Miss Booth made some personal remarks on each promotion, and we all agreed that they were all well merited by our comrades.

AN ABLE RELIGION.

The Field Commissioner based her address upon the question of the King of old to Daniel, "Is thy God able to deliver thee?" and with the precision of one long experienced in dealing with the spiritual difficulties and hindrances of men and women's souls, she appened straight to the conscience of everyone present. It was a kind of spiritual mustering and inspection of arms, to find out whether our weapons were intact, and our ammunition of the right quality.

We all enjoyed the excellent advice, the plainly-put lessons and the kind concern displayed by our beloved leader, and we all hope that Miss Booth will often meet us again in soldiers' councils.

Our spiritual appetite for such is always keen, and we have enjoyed the feast of the last two meetings of the Commissioner's immensely.—A Toronto Soldier.

Congratulations, Brigadier and Mrs. McIntyre, on your well-deserved promotion. These comrades are two of the "milkmaids" sent from the Land of the Maple to the domain of Uncle Sam.



At last Brigadier and Mrs. Pognante are really farwellling; they will leave the East on June 16th, and are going on a furlough previous to proceeding to their new appointment. The best wishes of our Eastern comrades will follow them, and all Salvation Army comrades and friends in the Territory will pray that they may soon be completely restored to health and strength.

I am very pleased to be in a position to state that the new Provincial Officers for the Eastern Province are Major and Mrs. Pickering, recently in command of the West London Division (Eng.). The Major comes with a splendid record and is well known to many officers in the Territory. I need not say that the East will give him and his dear wife a hearty welcome. The East does not know how to do anything else.

The Field Commissioner will pay a flying visit to the East to install and introduce the new Provincial Officers.

See the report of the Massey Hall "Miss Booth in Rags." Only two weeks' announcement; before half-past five the crowd began to gather. We are getting rather used to wonderful meetings with "Rags," so that we ordinary mortals find it difficult to obtain words which exactly interpret our ideas; no mistake, it was a wonderful affair.

We were pleased that Colonel Higgins, of New York, happened to be passing at the time and stayed over. He received a splendid welcome from the Toronto Salvationists and friends. What he said was appreciated very much by all.

Lieut.-Colonel Murgetts is in Newfoundland, and will be present at the officers' councils held in St. Johns. On his way he has visited the Eastern Province, and reported splendid times and excellent prospects. His tour is being so arranged as to meet the Commissioner in St. John, N. B., at the installation of the new Provincial Officer.

Should officers wear shoulder straps? Yes, it is regulation uniform for officers of all ranks. Send in your order to the Trade Department, and you will be sure to get it regulation style.

Headquarters Happenings.

We were glad to shake hands with a former comrade, Brigadier Marshall, of New York. The Brigadier looks healthy and has quite a portly appearance, although there are some hairs turning white, under the combined efforts of responsibility and time. God bless the Brigadier and his dear wife, formerly Capt. Keetch, who mourns the loss of her dear mother, as reported in our last issue.

The Field Commissioner's soldiers' meetings were seasons of spiritual development to us all.

Other old comrades have passed through Toronto, viz., Capt. Heft and wife, who are on a short furlough before taking charge of Erie, Penn. Our comrades stayed for the Massey Hall meeting and say that they never enjoyed anything like it.

More promotions—Adj. Turpin—Adj. Welch—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon! We tender sincere congratulations, you are all deserving. Adj. Turpin has faithfully served us Headquarters' Cadets; Adj. Welch has toiled night and day for the personal comfort of the Field Commissioner, and both the records of Adj. Tom Stanyon and his better half—Mrs. Carrie Stanyon, nee Poole—are too well known to require further explanations. May these promotions be stepping stones to greater usefulness in the service of God and humanity.

A Loyal Message

FROM THE

West Ontario Troops

To the Field Commissioner.

London, Ont.,
May 23rd.

About eighty officers, assembled in council, send loving and loyal greetings. Your letter was accepted with red-hot enthusiasm. We are determined West Ontario shall do its part in the Century Scheme, as a token of gratitude to God for sparing our beloved General. Blood and Fire will conquer.

Major Southall.

The Press on the Massey Hall Meeting.

All the daily papers of Toronto had favorable comments upon the meeting; we clip a portion of the report in the Mail and Empire, as fairly representing the opinion of the Press:

MISS EVA BOOTH IN RAGS.

Large Audience Greets the S. A. Leader in Massey Hall—Sad and Mellowing Tales of Life in London Slums.

"An immense audience, which crowded Massey Hall from the ground floor to the top gallery, greeted Miss Eva Booth when she repeated her lecture on the 'London Slums' at that place last evening.

"Colonel Higgins, General Secretary of the Salvation Army in the United States, acted as chairman. On the platform were seated the Army band and the different officers of the local S. A. movement.

"The Commissioner's appearance on the platform, dressed in ragged clothes and wearing old shoes, tied with string, was the signal for repeated rounds of applause.

"I have been too long connected with the misery and sin of the world," said the speaker, in commencing, "to think any explanation necessary for my appearance in rags." Dressed in any other way, the speaker said she would have been unable to reach the homes and the hearts of the poverty-stricken people who most needed to help. Such people turned against, often with hatred and spite, those who were better dressed or more cultivated than themselves. Poorly dressed, under the pretence of selling matches or flowers, or at other times taking her guitar and playing at the corners for pennies, the speaker had been able to make her way safely through the lowest courts and darkest alleys. Long before evangelists were allowed to enter the prisons, the speaker, dressed in her meagre clothing, had been admitted to these places as a friend of the prisoners. In this attire she visited nearly all the jails and prisons of London, including the famous "Old Bailey." Because she did not give away soap tickets, or anything else of value, many wondered into the confidence of the very lowest classes of people. The secret of this lay in a wonderful charm which she always carried with her, and which had never failed to open the door to the stoniest heart. This charm consisted of four keys, "Love," "Sympathy," "Sacrifice," "Action."

"The speaker went on to explain the different ways in which each key operated, telling, in the course of her address, many and mellowing tales of low life in the great metropolis. Her address was closely listened to, and evidently impressed her hearers."

MEN

Five Thousand

THE BEST OUT



The humane crowd attentive to the Field Commissioner's lecture, moved that the ladies and gentlemen touching incidents characteristic language of a worthy comrade—record-breaker of 3.

The unprecedented action of Miss Booth's "Rags" resulted in fully five thousand whom were many who had walked in shoes that, the Commissioner brought requests to lecture, in order to have been unable to opportunity to be chosen. Previous important business, the granting of a recently, when the fixed as Sunday.

The best teacher's experience; and at that former crowd was simply not left unheeded.

managed excellent void disappointment; they had been phrased sent, and no day of the meeting was only nominal with this advantage the ten-cent tickets earlier by a side precaution the speaker nearly an hour, announced, as per very early, and in commendation of too side was avoided; holder secured the packed to the very, oral hundreds of per admission. Even utilized, nearly every being taken by the

The Free

While the people in a steady stream Staff Band, and the unalloyed by suitable selections, caused by the advertisement's little adopted children, who, dressed in magnificent platform.

Miss Booth entered, dressed in her applause greeted her, for the cause which Toronto troops the Toronto troops for our brave leader.

Captain Higgins Secretary from "41

MEMORABLE MAMMOTH MEETING

IN THE MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

Five Thousand People Crowd that Magnificent Edifice to See and Hear
"Miss Booth in Rags."

THE BEST OF ORDER AND AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT PREVAILED THROUGH-
OUT THE MEETING—MISS BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS A
HARPIST—COLONEL HIGGINS, FROM NEW YORK,
INTRODUCES HIMSELF—THREE HOURS
OF SMILES AND TEARS.



MOST MAGNIFICENT RECORD! Such is the kernel of the numerous comments of the press and of everyone who was present at the splendid gathering, Sunday, May 28th, in the Massey Hall.

The immense crowd was exceedingly attentive to the masterly address of the Field Commissioner, who alternately moved that vast concourse to smiles and tears by the humorous and touching incidents recounted in her characteristic language. Yes, the recent lecture of Miss Booth in Rags, was a worthy competitor to the former record-breaker of November, 1907.

The unprecedented crush on the occasion of Miss Booth's first lecture "In Rags" resulted in the shutting out of fully five thousand people, among whom were many of our own soldiers who had walked long distances. Ever since that, the Commissioner's staff has brought requests to request that famous lecture, in order to afford those who had been unable to gain admission an opportunity to hear her slim experience. Previous engagements and important business matters prevented the granting of such requests until recently, when the date was finally fixed as Sunday, May 28th.

The best teacher, without dispute, is experience, and the lessons learned at that former occasion, when the crowd was simply beyond control, were not left unheeded; the crowd was managed excellently. In order to avoid disappointment only six tickets were sold, and none were sold on the day of the meeting. The admission was only nominal—five and ten cents, with this advantage to the holders of the ten-cent tickets, to be able to enter earlier by a side door. An extra precaution the special entrance was opened nearly an hour before the time announced, as people began to come very early, and in this manner the accumulation of too large a crowd outside was avoided and every ticket-holder secured his seat. The hall was packed to the very top seat, and several hundreds of people who came late without tickets were unable to find admission. Even the platform was utilized, nearly every available seat being taken by the public.

The Preliminaries.

While the people filed into the hall in a steady stream, the large pipe organ manipulated by Bro. Sims, played suitable selections. Quite a flutter was caused by the advent of the Commissioner's little adopted family of three children, who, dressed in white, squatted unconcernedly on the front of the platform.

Miss Booth entered the platform alone, dressed in her usual style of applause greeted her, and spoke volumes for the esteem and affection which Toronto citizens in general, and the Toronto troops in particular, have for our brave leader.

Colonel Higgins, the genial Chief Secretary from "the other side," who



"I BELIEVES IN HER, I DOES; SHE DON'T JAW—SHE DOES!"

had come for a visit, gave out the first song:

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood."

This grand old hymn, to a grand old tune, was sung with new vim and with hearts full of thanks to that for the myriads of sinners worked by that stream. Staff-Capt. Minton and Colonel Jacobs prayed, and while our knees were bent another of those times that shall live as long as the English tongue is spoken:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Colonel Higgins introduced himself in original and approved fashion. He announced that he came from the United States (applause), a statement which he said might have required some apology a few years back, but which has now become unnecessary, as the two countries were rapidly approaching each other. His name was Irish, but he did not know how far back it is since his ancestors left Ireland. He was an officer of 18 years' standing, and had practically grown up with the movement. He dedicated

from the immense audience present, and their happy faces, three things: (1) That the Army must be believed in in Toronto; (2) That Toronto must be interested in the work among and for the poor; (3) That Toronto does appreciate the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, and recognizes her excellent work. The first time he saw Miss Booth in rags it was not on a platform, but in the streets of London, when he met her quite accidentally, just as she was returning from one of her missions of mercy, clad in similar garb to that of to-night. It left upon his mind a lasting and profound impression. "Miss Booth in Rags," therefore, was not a lecture, but a memory, to him.

Mrs. Major Hargrave was called upon for a solo; she sang very appropriate words, "I have pleasure in His service," to the well-known tune, "Where is now the merry party?" the Field Commissioner accompanying on the harp and Capt. Arnold on the violin. To see Miss Booth as a harpist was certainly a surprise to all; a greater surprise was the excellent manner in which she played that scrumptious instrument, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that she had

had practically only a few days in which to learn to play the same.

Miss Booth Speaks.

A favorite chorus of the Commissioner's, "O the Love that ought us," was sung prefatory to the address of the evening. The very best attention was given throughout the lecture. It was not only a mere recount of incidents to amuse and to arouse sympathy, but there were interwoven with it continual appeals to personal sacrifice and exhortations to the practice of those qualities which lessen the misery of this world and foster the one great thing which this world stands in need of more than ever, love for our neighbor; not a sentimental love that sits itself only in words and song, but a living power within that compels deeds—a sympathy that DOES.

Miss Booth, in vivid language, pictured to us first her little home in the slums, with its bare floor and the few pieces of simple furniture; her big Lieutenant who was at once her protector and a companion—though it seems that protection was never solicited by the Commissioner; she herself has given in her life the illustration that "perfect love casteth out fear." Of timid disposition naturally, she has shown, in more than one emergency, a courage that could only have been born of Love Divine. In fact, the one text that seemed written across all the stories told in the Massey Hall was the one just quoted. In her lecture she took us down into the miserable cellars in which such a large percentage of London's poor are housed, and led us through the brilliant confusion of London street life at midnight, to the darker alleys where she rescued two children from the cruel treatment of their father. Incidentally she denounced the drink traffic in small or big quantities, which is responsible for so much misery, rob children of their food, clothing, and drives multitudes into poverty and crime. Her denunciations were brief, but of such vehemence that the audience was carried away, and applauded freely.

We observe now a ripple of laughter—now a flutter of handkerchiefs to wipe off a tear of compassion—now tears of laughter, as we listen to Miss Booth's first lesson in scrubology—now again sobs and tears, as she tells us of the matchless heroism of the poor crippled boy, who died to win an insurance for his starving mother and his smaller brothers and sisters.

It was a masterly address; it was a powerful appeal to each hearer. Who can estimate—not the passing emotions of the hour, or the unanimous sympathy of the huge crowd with the subject of the speaker—but the results strengthened, the consciences quickened, the memories awakened, and the impressions left indelibly upon every mind, for nobody can leave a meeting of this description without having its lessons fastened upon his very conscience.

Action!

What Miss Booth most tried to impress upon every one present was the need of action. It formed the theme of one of the five subdivisions of her speech. Action counts, action only build our character, action only help others. Well might old Joe say, when the Commissioner had scrubbed his room, made him come ten, and sang him a song, "I believes in her, I does; she don't jaw, she DOES!"

So let us all do the work of the day in the day, for soon the night is coming on, when no work can be done, when no amount of regret will atone for work left undone, and no tears will pay for love withheld.

FROM THE OCEAN

LISGAR ST.—Knee-drill at 6:30 a.m. march at 7 a.m. Good day. Opened on Shaw St. Grove for the season. Grand meetings all day. Major and Mrs. Turner. Three souls at night, for which we praise God.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickle.

Nine in the Net.

HOULTON.—We are glad to report victory in our meetings this week. The devil has surely been defeated. Sunday night nine men and women came to Jesus Christ and got saved. Eight raised their hands for prayer. We had a march round the barracks and expect big times in the near future.—Emilly White, Corps Cor.

HALIFAX.—The Lord is helping us to go forward and do His will. Though we have not seen any souls lately at the Cross for salvation, we believe the Lord is at work by His Spirit. On Friday night two souls for the blessing of a clean heart.—Trens. Caslin.

OTTAWA.—We are still in active service. Bro. (drummer) and Sister Smith's baby dedicated by Adjutant Goodwin. Four precious souls have been saved. Sunday, Bro. and Sister Montgomery, with their little daughter, were with us. Bro. Montgomery is from Winnipeg corps. He has been near to death with the fever, but God is wonderfully helping him. Two of the sons mentioned above came to God on Sunday. We wound up the day with a grand jubilee time. Juniors to-day at Rockcliffe Park.—Sergt. French.

A Good Stock of Faith.

BARRE, VT.—Still fighting. One precious soul in the sin-cleansing fountain. The people are beginning to realize that we Salvationists are getting quite numerous around here, for very often we will hear, "Well, there's another one," which makes us feel like shouting back, "Yes, praise God, there's going to be more of the same kind." Quite a number of the comrades have got new caps, and some of them, I fear, feel a little proud over them.—Zacharias.

WINDSOR.—Again our hearts are made sad as we hear the striking news, "Pursued orders have come." It is true we have been expecting this announcement for some time past, but we were hoping the message was far in the distance yet, but, as true soldiers, we say, "Lord, Thy will be done." Our dear officers have worked hard the eleven months they have been here. God has honored them in giving them precious souls. We are sure the dear comrades at Bradford will always find them a help in any time of need. I am pleased to say our hearts are open to welcome our dear officers.—Mrs. Little Wallis.

ST. JOHN N.B.—Is still running the race that leads into the deep ocean of God's love. We are having great meetings, and precious souls are being saved from sin. Our Captain is a man of wonderful mercy, and he is straining every nerve to build up the Kingdom of righteousness. We have been blessed this week with seeing four souls saved, and six for sanctification. We are having our barracks painted, the contractors being Captain McElhenney and Lieut. Duncanson, who have shown by their ingenuity as painters that an old building can be made new.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—The past two weeks God has blessed us. Five have come out for salvation. May God help them to prove true. By special request from people in town, Captain repeated the "Unveiling of the Rock of Ages." The meeting was largely attended, and a good collection realized.—M. R. Reg. Cor.

WATFORD.—The musical entertainment, given by the children on Wednesday night, was good. The dumb-

bell drills and recitations were enjoyed by all. Sunday, farewell meeting of Capt. Liston. Good open-air meeting and collection at night. We were encouraged by the presence of Rev. Mr. Ashdown. Victory is ours.—E. Collier.

Spreading Out!

PETROLIA.—God has been wonderfully blessing our meetings of late. One meeting per week is being held in the east end of the town, in a snug little hall which has been kindly loaned to us for the purpose (gratis). The second meeting in the east end resulted in two precious souls crying for mercy. During last week eleven souls

RICHMOND ST.—Give in? Never. Not built that way. Souls? Yes, one sister gloriously glorified. But the 12th just was a time! Our comrade, Lisgar, Lippincott and Riverside, with their brass, gave us an enjoyable band concert. The Juniors, with their drills, did a good thing. Capt. Arnold (did you ever hear him? He is the celebrated German violinist) he was encircled. Adjutant Stanway ably handled the programme of the meeting, which was finished up with ice cream. Sunday night the renowned "Ibbsont Musical Family" brightened the meeting up.—Cadet N. R. Trickey.

came to God for pardon: four of the number were a mother and three sons. It was a grand sight to witness. We are confident of greater victories in the future.—W. J. Wakefield, Ensign.

RIDGETOWN.—Good meetings during the week. On Thursday night we had an ice cream social. Officers from Blewett and Bothwell took part. Had a good crowd. Had Capt. Hancock with us for Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday night Capt. McCutcheon farwelled after a short stay of six weeks.—K. Watt.

Some Crazy Shows.

ALBION.—God is doing a work in Auburn. He has given us a week of victory. Sunday night eight precious souls sought salvation. Glory! Rejoicing in heaven, and rejoicing on earth. Thank God for a lot of praying soldiers.—Mauland and Crego.

SEAFORTH.—Still the war goes on. The enemy is defeated and victory we claim. A real good, intelligent crowd attended the meeting on Sunday evening. Captain spoke on "Music," and gave some of his favorite solos on guitar and mandolin. One young man came to Jesus. Glory!—R. T.

LISTOWELL.—We are still on the war path in Listowell. Our D. O., Ensign Orchard, and the warriors' band paid us a visit last week, which was enjoyed by all. We say, "Come again, warriors."—Sister Mathers.

MONTREAL II.—We had a visit from Ensign Ward last week, and we had a nice time. A real good meeting. We shall be pleased to see her again.—W. G. R. C.

Five Native Salvationists.

OXEMEE.—Sure it's meself that's pleased to tell you that they are having big times at the Army lately. They had a pie and cake social on Thursday. I noticed quite a few strangers there, among them were Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins, from Lindsay, also two ladies of the Lindsay warblers, and best of all, there were five saved Indians. It did our hearts good to hear them sing, and sure the people were just delighted to

hear John Wesley and his good wife tell of the love of Jesus, and how they got converted. There was also present John Wesley's son Tom. There was one backslider came home on Saturday, and one sister at the foot of the Cross on Sunday.—R. C.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.—Oh, how my soul longeth for the manifestation of the power of almighty God! Like His servant of old, "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early; for when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." God is going to do mighty things because we have made our petition, and our God Who is faithful hath heard our cry.—Geo. Hunsdon, Capt.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—We are in for victory, and we meant to have it. The week's meetings have been a success, five souls coming to the Cross. God bless and keep them true to the Yellow, Red and Blue. Comrades all in good spirits.—R. S. C. C.

NEW WHATCOM.—God is with us. Splendid open-air. Attracted by the same, one backslider who has not been up to S. A. meetings for over a year, volunteered on Sunday afternoon. God freely pardoned him. We mean to deal faithfully with the people. The fight is hard, but Jesus is strong.—W. V. Lacey, Capt.

A Visit From a Former D. O.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Praise God for victory through the past week. Thursday the meeting was held by Capt. McDonald and Lieut. Hanson, of Kentville. Lieut. Hanson gave a very interesting lecture on Bermuda, which was very much enjoyed by all. Our old friend, Ensign Graham, was also with us. The meeting was followed by an ice cream social. On Friday, one soul out for sanctification. Ensign Graham and Capt. Jackson, of Halifax, led all day Sunday.—Treasurer McThee.

PORT HOPE.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Ensign Parker. Sunday, good meetings all day. At night Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn farwelled. Though their stay in Port Hope has been very short, and we regret having to part so soon, yet we believe God to be their Father, and He will lead in the right path. During their stay here they have been a great blessing to us all. Many souls have sought and found salvation. Praise God! We all say, "God bless Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn."—Annie, Cor.

Debt Came—Glory!

BROOKLIN.—We can report victory in Brooklin. God is helping us, and I believe things are looking better. Since coming here we have been able to pay off the debt. Though Brooklin is hard in many ways, yet we have a few good soldiers that we can depend upon.—Lieut. Paxton, for Capt. Weeks.

SOMERSET, Ber.—We are in for victory here. On Sunday God came very near and blessed us. We rejoiced in seeing four precious souls kneeling at the foot of the Cross. One was so anxious to get salvation that he can run over the seats. Hallehujah! We are still believing for greater victories.—C. E. Harrison.

LETHBRIDGE.—Since last report God has been blessing us by giving us three more precious souls for our labors. On Sunday we welcomed Sergt.

Major and Mrs. Payne, late of Winnipeg corps. They have come to take up their abode here. We believe God will make them a blessing. We expect a big time on the 23rd—E. H. E. Wedding. Major is coming. Keep your eye on the baby corps for future announcements.—Ber. Reynolds, R. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Glory to God and the Lamb for ever and ever! Thank God this morning finds us nicely and wonderfully saved. We mean to be workers together with Christ. He has too many ornaments already. Lord, give us more of the Blood-and-Fire spirit, for we know quite well what will happen to the lukewarm. We shall not know defeat, for we have abandoned ourselves to God. I say there, friend, if Ensign Andrews comes within 50 miles of you, be sure you don't miss that most costly service, entitled, "Father, come home." We are doing work for eternity in every meeting.—Ned.

Three Recruits Enrolled.

PARRY SOUND.—God is blessing us wonderfully. We have splendid meetings. Saturday evening we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed themselves. On Sunday afternoon soldiers were enrolled. At night our officers farwelled. We pray God will bless them. They fought bravely for God while here, and sought with all their hearts to win souls for His Kingdom. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna will now take charge of the corps.—Mrs. H. Ferguson, R. C.

VICTORIA is still plodding on. Special meetings every Sunday. We are looking forward to the council to be held here, for the officers of the Pacific Coast; also the 24th, which is a "four days' holiday" for Victoria. We expect great things.—M. L.

A Big Time.

ST. JOHN V.—This corps has had a hard struggle for some time, but every thing points to the dawning of better days. Capt. McElhenney is at present working it, with the assistance of Lieut. Officers, in addition to his own corps. No. III—and several souls have been saved of late. Last Sunday Brigadier Pagnante decided to give them a lift, and did the afternoon and night meetings, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Lieut. Taylor and Ensign Turpin. The operations were good, people most attentive, the barracks were filled, collections doubled, and one soul saved. Mr. Taylor was stationed at this post some years ago, and was glad to see old comrades still true to God. Ensign Turpin said "Good-bye" to the people of St. John, as he returns to Toronto. L. E. T.

CLARENVILLE.—Praise God we are still alive and having victory. On Sunday night we had the joy of seeing seven precious souls at the foot of God. People all kind. Monday, visited Shale Harbor; sent 18 War Cry and led a meeting.—S. M. Mercer, Captain.

MILLBROOK.—Sunday, farewell meetings, when Capt. DeWitt and Lieut. O'Neill said good-bye. One soul in the afternoon meeting a backslider for years. Tuesday again we have a visit from our Peterboro' heroes, led by our worthy D. O., Adj. Alkenhead, assisted by Capt. French. A grand musical pow-wow, with one young man for salvation. Lieut. O'Neill promoted Captain, and goes to take charge of Morrisburg. Capt. DeWitt to St. Johnsbury, Vt. We wish them a hearty God-speed.—Albert.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Seeing no one else reports us living or dead, you humble servant will give another attempt. We have been in a special manner wonderfully blessed. Since last report Ensign Lester has farwelled, and Capt. Haus, of Western fame has followed. On Brigadier's last visit he prayed that God would send a Lieutenant along; his prayers are answered as there is a Lieutenant on the way. On Monday and Tuesday we had Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner on their farewell from the Province. Monday night was a rouser. Tuesday night a filler. On Monday Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner led the meeting. Tuesday night coffee social in honor of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner; little Ruthie capturing the hearts of our audience in her drill and practice and singing. Open-air beautiful. Public meetings well attended, collections fairly good. War Cry sold out. Capt. Haus farwelling.—D. McDougall, for Capt. Haus.

Our Island

HOW SOME OF THEM FOUNDED

I.—Captain Spence

I was a very little started to serve God. I would have continued a sing-song meeting there wasn't much went "at it." The ago, and I have since. To-day I am doing the fords of Can-

II.—Captain

I first saw the the spring of '86. at St. John's from the seal-fishery, a sailing clothes on, shipmates managed the door of the pub-

The meeting was anything I had seen really amazed.

The platform was appeared happy.

I could not understand the false impression gloomy. I liked it as I did not trouble in the city, I soon met two girls, with St. John's, came at my home (three brother had saved, change in his life didn't go to the 1 Sunday afternoon my father's conversion at our house.

prayer meeting came with several other being very well things said in the fault. Of course, edited, thought my portance, and did words had a good Something, however, which I could not after that meeting.

The work was a commissioned of used to attend the Spirit took hold a me of sin. I saw and felt I was creature on the fa-

One cold Thursday, I brought in Jesus, and He forg-

joy and gladness was over 12 years hour I have striv-

To-day I love Him am at the front of my mind and talent seeking to save ot-

III.—Ensign

When I first had not have any of them, but some of brought to Christ mentality, and we began to attend Sunday night un- about accepting C- remark about belin when the person re- ly and prayed fo- dawned upon my i- was in earnest abo- I was not in en- brought me to a heart was broken, stood that Christ the cross. I so- definite knowledge earth were forgiv- glad hour I have f- and not one of H- ever failed me.

After some mon- applied for the V- and I have spent in living and fight-

Our Island Officers.

NOW SOME OF THEM GOT SAVED IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

I.—Captain Sparks' First Solo.

I was a very little boy when I first started to serve God, and no doubt would have continued until now if I had had the privileges that the S. A. Juniors have at the present time. Very few people believed in children taking an active part in public meetings in my young days, so I got discouraged and wandered from the fold. A few years afterwards the S. A. opened fire at my home, and from the start I felt they were, as some people say, "the real thing." I attended their meetings from time to time, and soon I was caught in the hallelujah net. The next night found me in the front of the battle trying to sing a solo in a singing meeting. I must confess there wasn't much music in it, but I went "at it." That was eight years ago, and I have been "at it" ever since. To-day I am an officer, storming the forts of darkness.

II.—Captain Burry's Tale.

I first saw the Salvation Army in the spring of '86. I had just arrived at St. John's from the States, and was looking for a place to settle. I saw several of my shipmates manning to squeeze inside the door of the packed building.

"The meeting was so different to anything I had seen before that I was really amazed.

The platform was full of people who appeared happy. This was one thing I could not understand, as I was under the false impression that religion was gloomy. I liked them very well, but as I did not trouble to go again, while in the city, I soon forgot about them, until two girls, who had got saved at St. John's, came and started meetings at my home (Greenwood). Then my brother got saved, and I could see the change in his life; but even then I didn't go to the meetings. One fine Sunday afternoon they came and got my father's consent to hold a meeting at our house. I stayed until the prayer meeting commenced, and then, with several others, went out. Not being very well pleased with some things said in the meeting, I found fault. Of course, I being rather conceited, thought myself somebody of importance, and didn't know but my words had a good deal of weight. Something, however, got hold of me which I could not shake off, so ever after that meeting I was a constant attendant at the Army.

The work was properly started by a commissioned officer, and I continued to attend the meetings. God's Spirit took hold of me and converted me of sin. I saw my low condition, and felt I was the most wretched creature on the face of the earth.

One cold Thursday night, in February, I brought my sin and grief to Jesus, and He forgave me, and brought joy and gladness to my soul. That was over 12 years ago, but from that hour I have striven to do His will. To-day I love Him more than ever. I am at the front of the fight spending my time and talents in His service, and I seeking to save others.

III.—Ensign Bogg's Account.

When I first heard of the S. A. I did not have any great desire to hear them, but some of my relatives were brought to Christ through the instrumentality, and while visiting them I began to attend the meetings. One Sunday night an officer spoke to me about accepting Christ. I made some remark about being as good as others, when the person referred to said that by and prayed for me. At once it dawned upon my mind that a stranger was in earnest about my salvation, and I was not in earnest myself. That brought me to the Cross, there my heart was broken, and I fully understood that Christ suffered for me on the cross. I soon received a very definite knowledge that my sins on earth were forgiven, and since then, and not one of His good promises have ever failed me.

After some months of soldiering, I applied for the work was accepted, and I have spent many a happy year in living and fighting for Jesus. He

has enabled me to be faithful and has helped me to win many souls from darkness to light.

IV.—Captain J. Moore's Conversion.

I was brought up at Carbonara, a thriving town on the shores of Conception Bay. My parents did all they could in looking after my comfort, and there was the Godly influence of a father's life. I suppose my eagerness to get away from home, coupled with the natural aversion to all that is Godly, that is born in us, tended to make me more hardened in after years.

I remember how I used to get my meals early so that I wouldn't be caught at prayer hour; and when I would be on my knees with the others of the family, while my father was praying, I would be crying because he was keeping me, when I wanted to be off. I often went to church and barracks before I was saved, but never felt seriously about my sins. In fact, I remember how I used to lay on my bed at night thinking about the future, and the only thing that troubled me about the judgment was that I could not then know how bad I had been, and one or two individuals whom I had especially injured, would find out what I had done to them. As far as I know, by looking back at my past, not a morsel of regret was ever felt by me, regarding the state of my soul, till the night I got converted. That event happened on the 1st of April, 1884. Jesus saved me, and I have never loved ever since. I have never lost my first love, but rather have cried to God day and night to have it intensified. Father's prayers have been answered.

GO AFTER THEM.

A Backslider Followed up with Letters, Gets Saved 13,000 Miles Away from the Writer.

Catherine, the eldest daughter of the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Brannwell Booth, together with two of her sisters, was a deep and practical worker in the Naval and Military League. Letters and War Cries are sent regularly by these three developing Junior warriors to a number of soldiers and sailors, whose names were supplied by Major Allan, the Secretary of the League. Among a number of interesting incidents re-counted by Miss Catherine Booth, we select the following: "I have been sending Cries, we had on our list the names of three backsliders. Two of the three have come back to God. Please pray for the one that is still unconverted. I enclose a letter from one of them."

"I always have the War Cry in my mull, and I always like to read them, although I am far away from God, which is to my sorrow. You would be surprised to know that I have read them in the stokehole many a time after I have come off watch."

Judge of our joy on receiving a letter from Adjt. Barrett (the General's Secretary), whom we had asked to look out for him, as he was on the Australian station, telling us that he was saved once more:

"When we arrived in Auckland, I heard that a British war vessel was in the harbor, and sent it message to the sailors that we would be pleased to see them at the General's meetings. Only one came. . . I got him near the front and walked until the General had finished speaking, when I went fishing and made him my first catch. Glory to God!"

"I asked him if he was saved. 'Yes,' he replied, 'Thank God I am; but only a fortnight. I was a miserable backslider before.'"

"Oh," I said, "is your name — ?" "Yes," he answered, "his name is brightening up all over. 'Who's been telling you about me?'"

"Someone who is very interested in you, thirteen thousand miles away." Miss Catherine Booth and her sisters. He broke down completely in that crowded meeting when I told him, and cried, and said, 'She has been very kind to me.'"

"He opened his heart and told me all the story of his backsliding and shame, and how he had come back to God a fortnight before. I pressed him to get the blessing of a clean heart, and took him out to the pentecost form. . . He met me again with his face beaming with joy."

PETER.

By F. R. B.

There is no other disciple of our Lord whose faults have been so prominently discussed in the Gospels as those of Peter, and doubtless many people, judging superficially, have considered him a changeable, impulsive, headstrong and covetous man. That these charges are insupportable requires little more evidence than the statements contained in the Scriptures.

HE WAS IMPULSIVE—there is no mistaking about this—but after all, is impulsiveness a fault? We are so much covering over, so much holding back, so much hypocrisy, that when we meet a man who is quick to speak out his convictions, it comes rather like a refreshing draught to our dull senses of observation. Whatever an impulsive man says or does we can, I think, reckon that it is his sincere conviction, and we need not fear continually that there is some unknown motive, or some hidden reservation in his mind. To my mind the very fact that the Bible brings out Peter's faults more prominently than others, goes to demonstrate that he was a strong character, much appreciated by Jesus Christ. We find all the best characters of God's people in the Bible have been treated in the same way. God has most clearly exposed the sin of pride. He has loved best, not so much with a view to excuse their sins, and to show that it is impossible to be without them, but more so for our encouragement to give us to understand that even His most powerful and trusted prophets were men like us, of flesh and blood, with like possibilities to fall; and for our example, that by their sins and the subsequent punishment of them, we might profit and avoid the similar errors.

Not a Coward.

PETER WAS COURAGEOUS. It has been said that he was a coward, but that is certainly a hasty conclusion. In the first place, when Jesus chose Peter as His disciple, we read that he immediately left his ship and his father; he did not stop to bring up any objections, or advance any reasons why he should delay, or should go home first and see his friends, etc., like some of the other disciples.

Another instance. Once, when the disciples saw Christ approaching the storm-tossed ship, walking on the waves, they were afraid, until He said, "It is I, be not afraid." Was it not Peter who then said, "Bid me come to Thee, and I will?" This is another evidence of his boldness. When he was bid by the Saviour to step out on the waves, he did so without hesitation, and even though he sank on account of distrust, he had shown a certain great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

Again we see this courage manifested in the garden. When the disciples fled and some of them followed afar off, Peter stopped boldly forward and drew his sword in defence of his Lord. Although not the wish of Christ, it was certainly a manifestation of the courage of Peter. Then let us remember again the same night, when the others were hiding in the caves and the fields, Peter followed from afar—alas! it was only from afar—yet he did more than the others. We must not underestimate the courage it required for Peter to follow right up into the very court of the High Priest. It is a very easy thing for us to call him a coward because he followed from afar and denied his Lord when pressed for a declaration, yet who of us would have done as much as Peter if we were placed in like circumstances? How many? He was only human; he was in imminent danger of torture and imprisonment; so far everything seemed lost; everybody seemed to have forsaken Jesus Christ; the resurrection had not yet taken place; it was an enormous peril he went into, yet he dared it, and, I say again, Peter was more courageous than other disciples, but his courage was unaided, human courage only.

Neither a Turncoat.

Peter is accused of being CHANGEABLE. He certainly acted very suspiciously under pressure, but, as we said before, he did so only because he recklessly placed himself in positions where he had to endure or suffer beyond human endurance.

We do not excuse his flinching on these occasions, but we say there are many people who are never changeable simply because they never venture; they are always dead certain their efforts are going to be successful, and if they are not quite sure about it, they do not attempt. This is so with the great majority; it is the average man, the matter of fact man; he does not require any faith, or trust, or goodness, or enterprise, or courage; anyone can do what he does. But the man who risks, who dares, who trusts, who throws all the energies of his soul into the one thing which he thinks is the right thing to do, of course, he will meet with difficulties; he may have over-estimated his strength and courage sometimes, and circumstances may force him to change, but on the whole he will accomplish more for God, he will learn more from his failures, and the world will gain more good from his mistakes than they will from the successes of the average man. I mean lasting good, that improves character and purifies the soul.

Then, the word changeable is very elastic and is often very elbowed by people when they cannot explain anything, and is a favorite phrase of those who wish to belittle others. Some people consider such a course of action, one must stick to the one opinion and the one course through life, even if one becomes convinced that one is wrong, and that his opinion is changing to others. Such a course, strictly speaking, is not consistent with right, but is very inconsistent. Change of views and opinions within certain limits is as necessary to the health of the mind as a change of clothing is to the body. We should hold an opinion only as long as we are convinced it is correct and consistent with the demands of God. As long as we are convinced of this we must hold it, but the moment circumstances or experiences teach us otherwise it is consistent that we should accept such modifications in order to grow and develop. It is only in this way that the development of mind and strengthening of character is possible. This cannot be called changeableness, for such is not a purely inherent thing; it is a coming away of convictions and principles, for changeableness advises any course and any opinions which suit the fancy or personal advantage, and in such a sense Peter was never changeable.

In conclusion, we must judge Peter as Jesus Himself judged him. "Upon this rock will I build My church," the Master said. Not the herring fish, not even the loving John, the disciple of His bosom, but Peter was chosen as the rock. Peter was the General that commanded the first corps of Salvationists at Jerusalem; Peter kept the small crowd of hundred disciples together, Peter preached in the first open-air, when such a tremendous number were added to the Roll Call. Peter stood like an invincible rock after the Pentecostal baptism, when the Holy Spirit had fired every fibre of his body, soul and spirit upon the great theme of Christ's life, the Salvation of Men.

Let us learn the lessons of Peter's life, and, like him, be impetuous in pushing the war against sin and in declaring our love for Him Who has first loved us, and avoid his mistakes; viz., bonding in our own strength, and leaning only on the strong arm of Jehovah.

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself one. —Franke.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, &
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Simpson, 25 A Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Major and Mrs. Payne, late of Winnipeg corps. They have come to take up their abode here. We believe God will make them a blessing. We expect a big time on the 24th—a Bazaar Wedding. Major is coming. Keep your eye on the baby corps for future announcements.—Bert Reynolds, R. Q.

BEAR RIVER.—Glory to God and the Lamb for ever and ever! Thank God this morning finds us nicely and wonderfully saved. We mean to be workers together with Christ. He has too many ornaments already. Lord, give us more of the blood-and-fire spirit, for we know quite well what will happen to the lukewarm. We shall not know defeat, for we have abandoned ourselves to God. I have there, friend, if Ensign Andrews comes within 50 miles of you, be sure you don't miss that most touching service, entitled, "Father, come home." We are doing work for eternity in every meeting.—Ned.

Three Recruits Enrolled.

PARRY SOUND.—God is blessing us wonderfully. We have splendid meetings. Saturday evening we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed themselves. On Sunday afternoon I solders were enrolled. At night our officers farewelled. We pray God will bless them. They fought bravely for God while here, and sought with all their hearts to win souls for His King. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna will now take charge of the corps.—Mrs. H. Ferguson, R. Q.

VICTORIA is still plodding on. Special meetings every Thursday are looking forward to the consoling to be held here, for the officers of the Pacific Coast; also the 24th, which is a "four days' holiday" for Victoria. We expect great things, M. L.

A Big Time.

ST. JOHN V.—This corps has had a hard struggle for some time, but every thing points to the dawning of better days. Capt. McIlhenny is at present working it with the assistance of Local Officers. In addition to his own corps, No. 111,—and several souls have been saved of late. Last Sunday Brigade Pamire decided to give them a little and did the afternoon and night meetings, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor and Ensign Turpin. The operators were good, people most attentive, the barracks were filled, collections doubled, and one soul saved. Mr. Taylor was stationed at the barracks some years ago, and was glad to see old comrades still true to God. Ensign Turpin said "Good-bye" to the people of St. John, as he returns to Toronto. L. E. T.

CLARENVILLE.—Praise God we are still alive and having victory. On Sunday we had a very joyous evening seven precious souls to the Lamb of God. People all kind. Monday, visited Shale Harbor; sold 18 War Cries and held a meeting.—S. M. Mercer, Captain.

MILLBROOK.—Sunday, farewell meetings, when Capt. DeWitt and Lieut. O'Neill said good-bye to one soul in the afternoon meeting (to be met for you). Tuesday again we have a visit from our Peterboro leaves, led by our worthy D. O. Adjt. Alkenhead, assisted by Capt. French. A grand musical pow-wow, with one young man for salvation. Lieut. O'Neill promoted Captain, and came to take charge of Morrisburg. Capt. DeWitt to St. Johnsbury, Vt. We wish them a hearty God-speed.—Albert.

ROSSLAND, R. Q.—Scarcely no one else reports us living or dead, your humble servant will give another attempt. We have been in a special manner wonderfully blessed. Since last report Ensign Lester has recruited, and Capt. Hume, of Western fame has followed. On Brigadier's last visit he prayed that God would send a Lieutenant along; his prayers are answered as there is a Lieutenant on the way. On Monday and Tuesday we had Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner on their farewell from the Province. Monday night was a robust. Tuesday night a filler. On Monday Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner held the meeting. Tuesday night coffee social in honor of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner; little Ruffie capturing the hearts of our audience in her drill and practice and singing. Open-air beautiful. Public meetings well attended, collections fairly good. War Cries sold out. Capt. Hume leading.—D. McDougall, for Capt. Haas.



In Every Land we march to War Neath the Flag with the Fiery Star.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Lord Provost of Dundee, Scotland, has invited 200 of the leading citizens to meet Mrs. Bramwell Booth in the Municipal Parlor, to listen to an address from her on the Rescue Work. The proceeds will benefit the local Rescue Work.

The poultry section of the Farm Colony sent some birds for exhibition to a show in Belfast, with the following results:—With six entries, five different breeds took two first prizes, two second prizes, one reserve prize, one very highly commended.

The latest English Cry contains the following item:—Major and Mrs. Pickering have been farewelled with sincere regrets, both by officers, soldiers and comrades. May they be blessed in their new command as they have been over here. Their new command will be found in the Colonel's notes this week.

Some idea of the large proportions of the Army in Great Britain may be gathered from the fact that in the latest Cry there are eight officers' marriages reported, 29 promotions, 212 appointments, and 12 deaths.

UNITED STATES.

The recent Staff Councils held in New York will be looked back upon as the dawning of a new era in the States. Every Staff Officer speaks enthusiastically of them.

The Army has lost a good friend of the Rescue Work in the death of Mr. James Lowe. The following appeared in a local paper:—Instead of Royal offerings, the family of the late Mr. James Lowe sent \$50 to the Salvation Army Rescue Home. To the envelope which contained the offering was attached a purple ribbon and a card on which was written:—To our dear father. A last tribute to the cause nearest his heart.—Auntie, Mabel and Robert.

Major McIntyre, an old Canadian officer, whose headquarters are at Buffalo, is now Brigadier. We congratulate him on behalf of his many friends.

The Council was unable, on account of sickness, to be present at the Staff Councils.

Capt. and Mrs. Conte, recently transferred to the States, from Canada, have lost their darling Herbert.

Staff-Capt. Joe Ludgate is promoted Major.

"Joe the Turk" has been in jail lately, and once more released. The case against him was dismissed.

GERMANY.

The German Self-Denial effort realizes nearly \$5,000. This is considerably in excess of last year's.

Commissioner McKie has been increasing his Garrison accommodation. He hopes, in July, to have the greatest number of Candidates in training that have yet been got together in Germany.

At Danzig, the landlord of our barracks—who is a publican and has his beer-hall underneath our barracks—engaged a band of musicians during Self-Denial Week, and gave a free concert in his hall every night, in the hope of attracting the people from our hall to his. The street was crowded with people listening to the music of the band and the singing in the Salvation Army hall, but while our hall was filled, the beer-hall remained empty. The Salvationists had very fine meetings. The devil overshot his mark on this occasion.

JAPAN.

Colonel Bailey recently conducted an international meeting in the Central Tabernacle, Harze. This is the largest church building in Japan. About 700 persons were present, and great interest manifested. A collection was taken up and about fifteen shillings given. This collection is reported to be the largest ever taken from such an audience at the Central Tabernacle. The Japanese papers give very sympathetic accounts of the meeting.

The Japanese soldiers are made of the right stuff. At Kasoku corps, the soldiers heard that a concert and bazaar was being given for the sick and wounded. Most of the other officers and soldiers met together at the barracks to pray for the comrades' restoration. While they were praying, he passed by the barracks; they fetched him in and continued to pray for him. When open-air time came round, they marched him off to the open-air meeting, although he still continued impatient. Thinking, however, that he might try to give them the slip at the open-air, two comrades went to a neighborhood where they suspected he would come; and, sure enough, along came the backslider, whereupon they seized him and marched him to the barracks, where he got properly restored to the favor of God.

INDIA.

Brigadier Yudhna Bai and Ensigns Rupal Bai, Ullashi, and Ensign Bhargava and wife left Bombay on May 29th, by the steamship "Bulawayo," for England. They are on a well-merited furlough.

The Village Banks in India are doing good work, as the following incident, which took place in the Ramabhadra Division, shows:—A soldier, who is a member of the Bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about 200 rupees, upon which he had to pay about three hundred per cent. interest. On his death the money-lender claimed settlement from the wife, knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the paltry sum of three hundred rupees. This would have meant ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in this village, she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount from the Bank, redeemed her lands, and mortgaged the same to the Bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent.

SWEDEN.

A large and beautiful house has been bought to be used for a Rescue Home. The price is 27,000 kr., which is to be paid by the 1st of October.

A wide-spread chance of D. O.'s took place in May, affecting several cities. Several new Districts were opened.

During the short time the Rescue Work has existed in Sweden, 700 girls have gone through the Homes, and 70 per cent. are satisfactory, many of them are saved and sanctified.

Preparations are being made for the Summer Congress, which will take place in the beginning of July.

A feast in honor of the General's birthday was held at Rothenburg L., and Major Martin enrolled the General's Birthday Brigade, which consisted of 25 recruits. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

At the international farewell meeting in the Temple, seven Staff Officers farewelled for India, Denmark and Finland, and seventeen cadets got their first marching orders for the Swedish field.

NORWAY.

The Chief of the Staff held a large meeting for soldiers and recruits during his recent visit.

The S. A. Exhibition to be held in London will have a party from Norway.

FINLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has promoted Adj. Forsblom to the rank of Staff-Captain.

The Headquarters' Sewing Society opened its sale of work in May.

BRITISH GUIANA.

Staff-Capt. Wilgory conducted some very encouraging meetings on board the ships of the American Fleet which called at Barbados.

At Barbados there are thirty-three companies of Juniors, with an attendance of 284 children, and three Bands of Love.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Nothing is impossible. There is nothing impossible. There are ways which lead to everything, and if we have sufficient will we could always have sufficient means.—Rochefoucauld.

The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's, is not to fancy what were fair in life. Provided it could be: Then find how to make it fair—Up to our menus—a very different thing. —Browning.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' VISIT TO SHERBROOKE.

I have been requested to write up a report for the War Cry re Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' visit. As it is not in my line of business you will have to excuse me if I do not fill the bill. The meeting opened with a song from the Soldiers' Song Book, followed by prayer, singing and testimonies. The Lieut.-Colonel was introduced for the first time to a Sherbrooke audience by the D. O., who filled the chair admirably. As the Colonel remarked to the audience, he was under the control of the ladies, so he had to be obedient. The Colonel sang, and the song was all right; it took the cake. The lad from the Emerald Isle spoke, as did also Capt. Patten, Lieut. Burch and others. The Colonel sang another solo, read a few verses from the Word, and then proceeded with his address. The meeting was very much appreciated, although there were no visible results in some being saved. God was present and eternity no doubt will show some fruit of the meeting. Come again, Colonel.—N. C.

RECEPTION

Of Major and Mrs. Turner, and a Hal-lelujah Wedding at Lippincott St.

The newly-promoted Major and his wife were duly welcomed at an officers' council, at which I was privileged to be present on Wednesday afternoon. From the hearty testimonies that were given, I concluded that the officers were well saved and a spiritually healthy lot of men and women, and judging from their warm words of welcome, they evidently did not want very much persuading that Major and Mrs. Turner were the right people in the right place.

The Major and his wife each gave a welcome address, which went down like ice-cream on a hot day. Brigadier Gaskin piloted the meeting, and ventured a few remarks in his characteristic style. Adj. DesBrisay had provided a nice tea for the officers, and we were favored with the presence of our devoted Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs. After the tea the Colonel duly and officially installed Major Turner in his official capacity, and enlarged upon his relationships to the Central Ontario Province.

The public meeting at night was rendered doubly interesting by the fact that in addition to it being the public reception to Major and Mrs. Turner, it was also the wedding of Miss Chav and John Shaw. The Chief Secretary conducted the proceedings in his usual up-to-date fashion.

113 Years.

Major Collier read a few verses of Scripture and commented thereon. Then came the Articles of Marriage, to which the bridal pair responded with energy, for they bounced to the front like a young man and maiden, and did not show any trace of being enfeebled by their united 113 years' journey through life's highway. The speeches which followed were lively, interesting and instructive. They were especially relished by the very large audience, which applauded to their hearts' content.

Then came the public reception of our new Chancellors. The Colonel spoke in eulogistic terms of the spirit and work of our new comrades. Mrs. Turner spoke from her heart in shall I say, a truly womanly style. The Major's address was humorous, elegant and modern, dealt with the past and prospective of the future, and was a 1 from every point of view. Brigadier Gaskin, the P. O., welcomed the Major and his wife on behalf of the Central Ontario Province in a vigorous speech.

I will stop now and refrain from speaking about the heavy hand-shakes received by the bridal pair and the new Chancellors, from many admiring friends, and will also leave you to guess how very appetizing was the ice-cream after a hot and crowded meeting.—An Old-Time Soldier.

Three

ANNIVERSARY WORK

Mayor Tootze nominates President

THE third anniversary of the founding of the City of Hamilton

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Three Years' Work

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK IN THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

Mayor Teetzel Presides—Ministers of Four Denominations Speak of the Work—Influential Gathering—Deepest Interest—Practical Sympathy.

THIS third anniversary of the inauguration of our Rescue work in Hamilton was held in the S. A. Citadel on the 20th and 21st of May. It was by far the most important and influential gathering that has ever taken place in connection with the Rescue Work in that city.

Saturday night was announced as a welcome to our Women's Social Secretary, Brigadier Mrs. Read, and her supporters, Major Stewart and Capt. Easton, and the good crowd of soldiers and friends present extended a most hearty welcome.

Adjutant Moore expressed a warm welcome to the visitors, after which Mrs. Read took hold of the meeting, and although far from well, so threw her whole soul into it that a lasting impression must have been made on the mind and hearts of those who listened to her words.

Charles Fletcher sang a solo, and in his usual frank way expressed his pleasure at the presence of the visitors, also referring to the life of the late Brigadier Read. Major Stewart and Captain Easton added a few words of personal testimony and earnest appeal. Everything seemed favorable for our Sunday meetings. The weather was all that could be desired, and a goodly number gathered for kneecrill, and were refreshed and strengthened for the battle of the day.

The holiness speaking was also a blessed time of inspiration. Captain Easton and Eudora Fletcher sang, Major Stewart spoke, and Mrs. Read took for her subject "Consecration," speaking from the wonder of the shall receive power," making it very clear to the minds of those present what was meant by the text, and urging them then and there to comply with the conditions.

The Social Gathering.

Our anniversary proper was the Sunday afternoon meeting, and the burning words spoken by those who took part will long be remembered by all who were present.

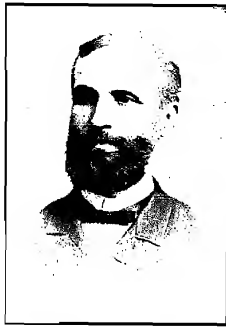
Mayor Teetzel presided at this gathering. When His Worship and Mrs. Teetzel, Brigadier Mrs. Read, Governor Ogilvie, and a number of the city authorities took their places on the platform, a splendid crowd filled the Citadel. Many leading citizens and philanthropic workers were present, while the attentive audience stayed on for two hours with unaltered interest.



Mayor Teetzel, Hamilton.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus," was thus out by Adjutant Moore, and sung heartily by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Gould led in prayer. The Mayor rose to his feet, and after the volley and applause of greeting had somewhat subsided, commenced in the highest terms the work done by the S. A., saying "that among all the philanthropic schemes set on foot during this century, he considered none more valuable than that originated by General Booth." He referred to the great Social Meeting lately held in the

Mission House, and said whereas the Army was once derided by rich and poor, it was now recognized by all classes. For himself, he felt that Hamilton could not do without the Army, and he would use his influence to get a larger grant for support of local work next year, if desired. He then called upon Mrs. Read, who, thanking the chairman heartily for the warm words of commendation he had just spoken, proceeded to explain the character of the work carried on by the Women's Social Department in the Dominion. Mrs. Read gave many incidents proving the need of this work, also taking up and answering the question, "Do these institutions make the way of evil-doers easier?" Mrs. Read also gave the report of the three years' work, and concluded by thanking the citizens in the name of the Commissioner for the liberal support given. Adj. Jordan, and continued to the new Matron, Eudora Kerr.



Rev. Dr. Beavis, Pastor Congregational Church, Hamilton.

Rev. Mr. Beavis, a friend of the Army in this city, was the next speaker. Although he could not be a Salvationist himself, he much appreciated the work the Army did. Many years ago, when others ridiculed, he said, "You just wait, and see." The day has come when all is changed, and the Army is doing a work the churches cannot do. He had watched and studied the different phases of the work, and saw how they were owned and blessed of God. While political economists were talking of what ought to be done, the S. A. had taken hold of the problem and had been doing something.

Governor Ogilvie.

of the County Jail, was next called upon. He commenced by asking if it were necessary for citizens to support such a home? He considered it was. Some time ago when he had his doubts about the utility of the Army work, he went to Toronto, looked into and examined the work there, and satisfied himself that the institutions were well and systematically managed, by good, trained and tested officers, who had given themselves to the work. He had no doubt now, whatever of the work being beneficial, and considered it cheaper even, from an economical standpoint, to care for these girls in this way than pay for their maintenance in Government institutions. He felt that these people could have better influence thrown upon them than at the Army Homes. The Governor then quoted significant statistics, showing that in 1887 and 1888 there were 232 women and 46 girls committed to the Hamilton Jail. In 1887 and 1888 there were but 136 women and 23 girls. For this he had been looking around for causes, and attributed it to the faithful work done by the Army and other like workers.

"I want to say this before taking my seat," he continued, "that the rescuing of that one character, referred to by Mrs. Read, so well-known to almost everyone in the city, and to the authorities in particular, is enough to pay the citizens for every copper the Home has ever cost them." (Applause.)

The chairman rose at this juncture and asked for a collection to aid the work. He said, "This is a saving investment, and everyone should invest all they can spare in it."

H. J. Ilmes, Evangelist, sang "To Jesus I will go. Who will pardon all my sins?" while a liberal offering was taken up.

Rev. Mr. Emerson expressed his satisfaction at seeing the Chief Magistrate of the city in the chair, and he was glad to know that while Mayor Teetzel was so interested in having good roads all over the city, he was also interested in the moral road his people travelled, for the S. A. is a road leading people up from the lowest condition to higher ground.

He was interested in the Rescue Home, for he lived near the Home, and was familiar with the work done. He had been interested in the S. A. ever since first hearing the General, many years ago. The S. A. had quick hearing. They heard the word many years ago, "Son, go work."

Rev. Mr. Jansen, Presbyterian, was very much interested in work done by social institutions. He thought it was the work of good Samaritans. Hoped himself to be a Captain, or something higher, some day. Prayed the day might never come when the Army would get too high for the work entrusted to them.

Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, the last speaker, made use of the few moments left him to pour forth a volley of shot and shell, that awoke all present to a fuller consciousness of the crying need of this city, for more Rescue work. He believed in the Army and in the principles which governed its institutions. While he had no prejudices with men who made Rescue Homes a necessity, still he thanked God that something was done for the victims.

He assured the Army that while they filled their God-given position the best, wisest, and most honored of every land would be at their back. A splendid gathering dispersed at five o'clock.

Hamilton's press is always generous to the Army, and each paper gave glowing reports.

Salvation Service.

On Sunday night we had with us the Evangelists H. J. and T. Ilmes, who added very materially to the interest of the meeting. Major Stewart spoke of his entire concentration to the interests of the Kingdom, and his delight in the will of God. Capt. Easton and Capt. Helff sang solos, after which Mrs. Read took up the subject of the evening, "Trust and Love," and spoke from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!" She carried her audience with her, and brought them face to face with the realities of eternity in such a way that none could leave that meeting as careless as they entered. The presence of God was with us all through the Anniversary gatherings, and eternally alone will reveal the work accomplished.

Moncton's Anniversary.

Brigadier Pugmire sends us the following clipping from a Moncton newspaper:—

The Moncton Corps of the Salvation Army fittingly celebrated its fourteenth anniversary yesterday. In addition to a number of abstrait officers from the surrounding corps, there were present Brigadier Pugmire, and Staff-Captain Taylor, of St. John, who had charge of the services of the day. These two officers were met at the depot by the local Salvation Army band, on the arrival of the morning train from St. John, and escorted with ceremonial honors to the barracks. An open-air meeting was held at the corner of Main and Robinson streets in the afternoon, and another service held in the barracks in the evening, both led by Brigadier Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Taylor. At the close of the evening service a sale of ice cream took place in the hall. The services were well attended, and the celebration was very successful. The local band, which deserves praise for its work, considering the short time it had been in existence, was in evidence during the day, at the ball and in the nurseries.

If you would be pious, be brief: for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are reckoned, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

XXXXX

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in his years. Menace leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbuliez.



Sister Mrs. Christie

Promoted from Millbrook Corps to a Mansion Above.

We extend the sympathy of the corps and surrounding community to Mrs. James Christie and his three little ones in their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that our heavenly Father may cheer their homesome home.

About three weeks previous to her death Mrs. Christie had the joy of knowing that her three little ones—Alice, May, and Maud—had come out to our public Lenten Forum and confessed Christ as their personal Saviour.

Mrs. Christie went to Toronto on Monday morning to undergo an operation, and on Sunday, when we came in from the north, we heard that during the morning her spirit had fled to Jesus.

Mrs. Christie was converted under Capt. Magee, her husband under Capt. Dowsy and James.

On Wednesday we met at the house to pay our last token of respect to our departed comrade. We went from there to the grave, and as we saw the coffin gently lowered in another earth, we realized all was over till we met at the grand Roll Call.—Albert Homan.

Snaredrummer Eddie Peacock, Of Peterboro Corps, Promoted to Glory.

Twenty Souls at His Memorial Service—His Father Leads the Way.

God, in His love and wisdom, has taken from our ranks below, to swell the hosts above, one of the members of the Peterboro band, Eddie Peacock. For a number of years he has been the snare drummer. He was converted when a mere child.

Some months ago he became ill and was taken to the hospital with what seemed to be fever. The mother came to Peterboro, the family having removed to Aurora a few months previous, to give him all the care a mother could. He rallied enough to be taken home, but never fully recovered, and on Saturday, May 31st, at 1 p.m., his spirit went to be with God. The band was brought on to Peterboro Saturday evening, and on Sunday his funeral took place.

After the afternoon meeting the corps marched to Sergt.-Major Brand's, where a service was held. Hundreds had gathered and listened tearfully to song and testimony. A service was also held around the grave, and as Band-Sergt. Brooks and Sergt.-Major Comstock spoke of the life of our young comrade hearts were moved and when the crowd that surrounded the grave was asked to raise their hands, if they determined, with God's help, to meet him in heaven, a large number responded. In the evening a memorial service was conducted in the barracks. Several comrades spoke feelingly of his life, and at the close 20 souls—Seniors and Juniors—came to the pentecost form. Eddie's father was the first to respond to the invitation. On the question being asked, "Will you volunteer to take Eddie's place?" his father rose and said, "I will take his place."

During his illness he often conversed with his mother and the officers of the Aurora corps concerning his son's condition, and always had a bright testimony. He was delighted when he heard of his elder brother's conversion a few months ago in Peterboro.

He sent his dying message to some of his young comrades in Peterboro, asking them to give their hearts to God, which one of them did at his memorial service, saying in his testimony he was going to meet Eddie in Heaven.—Adj. Alkenhead.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V

Sometimes I have a sheep or lamb that I find struck with these flies every morning, perhaps, for a week. Although I keep applying the lotion to kill them, they find fresh places to lay their eggs in, and I say sometimes, "I have tried every remedy, but I have no boules in spite of all my efforts to stop them." Still, they have to be followed up from day to day, till, bye-and-bye, they are gone. I have seen them after a long fly leaves that sheep; but, without leaving a mark behind that causes him a lot of trouble, as, where they keep their eggs, they will lay them again, at the time—the lotion also, that has to be applied in order to kill them, being a deadly poison—the skin turns rotten, and the wool and rotten skin comes off, and the sheep has to be skinned, and is being in the heat of summer, the smaller sort of flies piten on it and make the poor sheep really. They are often, however, more numerous in the cold, according to where they are, as where it cannot reach to scratch, it will gnaw with its teeth, and so it has to be killed. But I have seen them

only one like this that the shepherd has to see after out of, perhaps, 600 sheep that he has under his care. Sometimes he has forty with sore places on them that have to be dressed

every day, besides thirty or forty mangotty ones that have to be attended to, and perhaps forty or fifty lame ones to dress. Out of the hundred beasts that are under his charge, perhaps some have broken through the fence into another farmer's field, or perhaps into his own corn fields; or perhaps two or three of the lots of beasts have to be moved from field to field, and have to be driven through fields where other beasts are, and of course this cannot be done without getting them mixed together, and if so, the shepherd and his dog have to part them.

There is one more matter that I should like to bring before you with regard to my duties, and that is a matter about the fly striking the sheep, but I have not fully explained to you how very carefully the shepherd has to be in examining the sheep, because if I neglect to-day, that has a bunch of maggots in it, that bunch will keep gnawing at the skin of the sheep all night, and on the morrow there will be a great raw sore on the sheep's back, and the shepherd who is looking after these sheep, and who will not pay enough attention to them in the morning to notice this one, it would, perhaps, be better for him to neglect the sheep to-day, than sheep are like this get away and lie down in a ditch or behind a tree somewhere out of sight, and there they lie and let themselves be eaten by the flies and they are not missed and lured up.

[illegible]

The devil is the maggot-fly, and he knows where the place is that stings in the sight of God. As soon as a person is converted to God, the devil works in a determined manner to find where there is a little bit of the old wool, that he may lay his eggs in it. If, however, the human sleep will allow themselves to be shorn down close to the skin, there will be no place left for the devil, and he will have to stand off at a distance and grind his teeth, because he is complete-

the beauty. But with regard to the shearing of the human flock, there are so many that want to be partly shorn. They are willing to be shorn where it is not necessary, by the world; but that is where they are not to be shorn. They want left on just what should be cut off, and that is just where the devil gains the victory, because they are not shorn where they need to be. We must be willing to be shorn all over, and close to the skin, before we can enjoy perfect peace in our souls. But there are a great many who are not willing to be shorn at all. They are big, mangy sheep of the devil's fold. When I was shorn close, two years ago, the dear Lord did not leave me naked, He clothed me with a robe of righteousness, and He clothed me upon the platform and tell my old companions what, for Christ's sake, He had done for my soul. And, more than that, not only on the platform, but on the platform of the world, He has kept me without plenty of persecution, not only from my workmates, but from my ministers and from a great of gentlemen there who even were learning farming; and I have been able to follow the Lord's tense me, either out in the fields, or even when I was in the men's house having my dinner, on purpose to set an example to the others, themselves, to try and do as I did. But I was not so, because I was soulfully saved, and though I am watched very closely, I am kept by the Holy Spirit of God, and I have not let the devil have lost his power over me.

(To be continued.)

Apple Drink.

Put a gallon of fresh water on to boil; cut up a pound of apples in the water, and boil them until they can be muled; pass the liquor through a colander; boil it up again with half-a-pound of brown sugar, and bottle for use, taking care NOT to cork the bottle, and keep in a cool place; the apples may be eaten with sugar.

Apple Barley-Water.
A quarter of a pound of pearl barley

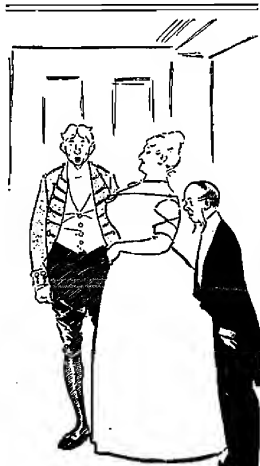
added to the above, and boiled for one hour, makes a nice drink for invalids.

Apple Rice-Water.

Half-a-pound of rice, boiled in the apple until in pulp, passed through a sieve, and diluted with cold water.

All kinds of fruit may be done in the same way. Figs and French plums are excellent; also raisins.

A little gluger, if approved, may be used.



At the Smith's Reception Party

Enter "MRS." and Mr. Snodgrass. Servant has just been reading a War Cry, which the cook, an Army soldier, gave him. His mind so absorbed that he can think of nothing else. Announces to the astonishment of the assembled hosts and guests, the arrival of "Mr. and Mrs. War Cry."

Cook, Lippicott	36
T. Yandaw, Lippicott	37
Rove, Newmarket	37
T. Meeks, Newmarket	37
M. Beall, St. Catharines	38
E. H. Jones, Hamilton	39
J. Wynn, Riverside	39
Saurt, Bridgeville	39
T. Gilks, Yorkville	39
Wisheman, Oakville	39
H. B. Smith, Oakville	39
Bowers, Orillia	39
T. Daleo, Orillia	39
Nelson, Uxbridge	39
O'Creagh, Aurora	39
Medlock, Temple	39
T. McGee, Temple	39
Stanton, Oshawa	39
T. Gray, Midland	39
T. Harman, Richmond St.	21
A. Major Reynolds, Stroud	21
T. Pool, Richmond St.	21
Gammage, Little Current	25
T. Huskison, Little Current	25
I. Taylor, Hamilton It.	25
T. Wadge, Uxbridge	25
R Bolton, Temple	25
E. Carwardine, Lippicott	24
T. F. B. Young, Kammount	21
F. Murray, Hamilton It.	23
T. P. Smith, Catharines	23
T. O'Neill, Fenelon Falls	23
H. Howell, Collingwood	23
T. Liddard, Riversdale	22
E. Richards, St. Catharines	22
T. E. G. Linnott, Lincoln	22
T. Major Courtneanche, Nor-	22
land	22
Bradley, Temple	22
T. Welch, Dovercourt	22
T. Adair, Leithville	22
Copper, Orangeville	20
E. Edwards, Orangeville	20
T. Fisher, Chesley	20
P. Fox, Ligar St.	20
T. Hodson, Ligar St.	20
F. Dault, Sudbury	20
T. Mrs. Mays, Bridgeville	20
T. Simpson, Yorkville	20
EASTERN PROVINCE.	
50 Hustlers.	
TER GRAHAM, Halifax I.	101
ENGLISH PARSONS, Sydney	147
T. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	149
T. WHITE, Houlton	123
T. JACKSON, Halifax I.	120
T. RICHARDS, St. Stephen	107
T. Adams, Campbellton	107
L. Lebaron, St. John I.	94
Kelly, St. Georges, Ber.	92
T. Hawbold, Sussex	90
T. True, St. John I.	86
M. Warren, Chatham	85
T. Naylor, Glasgow	79
T. Armstrong, St. John I. (av-	68
erage)	68
T. Mirey, St. John I.	64
T. Brown, Truro	55
T. Ellis, Lunenburg	50
T. Munro, Westville	50
T. Clark, North Sydney	50
T. Dearden, Fairville	50
T. Maybee, Charlottetown	50
S. Capt. Parsons, Sackville	50
T. Hince, Kentville	49
T. Pancy, Truro	49
T. Stinson, North Sydney	48
T. Byers, New Glasgow	48
T. Kase, North Sydney	48
T. Campbellton	48
T. St. John I.	48
T. Moore, Halifax I.	40
T. Anderson, Somerset, Ber.	40
T. Virgil, Southampton, Ber.	40
T. Sabine, St. Stephen	35
T. Pettis, New Glasgow	33
T. Matthews, New Glasgow	33
T. Wright, Chatham	30
T. Musgrave, North Sydney	30
T. Light, Bridgewater	30
T. Knight, Woodstock	30
T. Caldwell, Halifax I.	29
T. McLeod, Westville	28
T. England, Chatham	27
T. St. John I.	27
T. Ramsey, Halifax I.	24
T. Roach, New Glasgow	20
T. Nowbary, Bridgewater	20
O. Crawford, St. John I. (av-	20
erage)	20
T. Tiley, St. John I. (average)	20
PACIFIC PROVINCE.	
48 Hustlers.	
T. LLOYD, Butte	100
T. AAS, Rossland	110
T. CAPT. HOOKER, Kaslo	110
T. ELLISON, Vancouver	110
T. NOBLE, Billings	110
T. CAPT. BROWN, Lewiston	100
T. Langille, Helena	90
T. Lewis, Kamloops	80
T. Lewis, Kelowna	80
T. Lewis, Victoria	80

Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	70
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	69
Capt. Scott, Spokane	68
Ensign Ziebarth, New Westminster	67
Capt. Beaumont, Vancouver	66
Capt. Perrenoud, Nanaimo	65
Capt. Ziebarth, Kailispell,	64
Capt. Thosa, Spokane	63
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	62
Capt. Quant, Trail	61
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	60
Lieut. Ziebarth, Kailispell	59
Lieut. Carstens, Wallace	58
Lieut. Ployd, Kelowna	57
Lieut. Long, Dillon	56
Lieut. I. Gahn, Bozeman	55
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	54
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	53
Sister Mortland,	52
Sister Berry, New Whatcom	51
Capt. Sheard, Wallace	50
Sister Jones, Mt. Vernon	49
Sergt. Glen, Helena	48
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, New Whatcom	47
Ensign Stevens, Spokane	46
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	45
Sister Carter, Butte	44
Sister Walcutt, Roseland	43
Capt. Myers, Alder City	42
Sister Minin, Vancouver	41
Lieut. I. Gahn, Belt	40
Capt. Southall, Bozeman	39
Capt. Meredith, Belt	38
Bro. Smith, Kelowna	37
Lieut. Graevett, Sheridan	36
Sister White, Nanaimo	35
Capt. Bonnetto, Spokane	34
NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.	
43 Hustlers.	
CADET POTTEIL, Winnipeg	150
Lieut. Lloyd, Port William	148
Capt. Hurst, Jamestown	140
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	71
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	70
Ensign Dean, Calgary	70
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	69
Lieut. Clark, Lethbridge	68
Mrs. Bergman, Grafton	67
Nudge Burgess, Brandon	68
Lieut. Hungen, Edmonton	67
Mrs. Capt. Ladbick, Port Arthur	61
Cadet McLeod, Medicine Jaw	60
Capt. Brundser, Morden	59
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	58
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosomin	57
Sergt. A. Chapman, Winnipeg	56
Frank Crosswell, Alder City	55
Frank Rodgers, Regina	54
Sergt. Bergman, Grafton	53
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	52
Lieut. Bland, Alameda	51
Capt. Stankes, Carleton	50
Lieut. Askin, Virden	49
Capt. Cromarty, Oakes	48
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	47
Capt. Flinns, Emerson	46
Capt. Malson, Alder City	45
Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	44
Cand. Nuttle, Portage la Prairie	43
Sister Cussiter, Portage la Prairie	42
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Portage la Prairie	41
Lieut. Wilcox, Portage la Prairie	40
Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	39
Lieut. N. Anderson, Oakes	38
Sergt. Forsberg, Grafton	37
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	36
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	35
Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	34
Sergt. Johnson, Bismarck	33
Capt. Myers, Minot	32
Lieut. Leawick, Emerson	31
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon	30
NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.	
0 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Liston, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. M. Hurris, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet W. Reader, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet W. Webber, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Pollett, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. Mercer, Clarendville	50
Cadet C. Reader, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. P. Thistle, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. Childs, St. Johns I.	50
PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.	
Adjt. McGill, of the Salvation Army	
has six men engaged in cutting fire	
wood on the high opposite Dawson,	
hauling it into the city for sale. This	
is one way in which he provides for	
unemployed men, and philanthropic	
people can assist him in the work by	
giving him orders for employment.	
It is also	
out into stove length and split ready for	
burning. The Adjutant has had ex-	
cellent success with his employment	
bureau scheme, installed a few weeks	
ago. 89 applications for employment	
have been received by him, and he has	
found places for 34, the last one get-	
ting a good position on Sulphur.	
—From the Klondike Nugget.	

Songs of Salvation.

Come, Great Spirit.

Tunes.—Judgment day (B.J. 65); I will not let Thee go (B.J. 57, 2); Oh, the voice (B.J. 69, 2); St. Peter's (B.J. 128); We'll fight until (B.J. 35, 2); A little ship (B.J. 18, 3); My God, the spring (B.J. 285, 1).

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Chorus.

Come as the Fire, and purge our hearts
Like Pentecostal flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name!

Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless,
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the Dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy saints on earth become
Blest as the saints above.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Power to Conquer.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.B. 21, B.J. 220); Stella (B.J. 25); Euphony (B.J. 138); Madrid (B.J. 176); Eaton (B.J. 167).

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry;
And all my needs just now supply;
New power I want, and strength,
And light,
That I may conquer in the fight.
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength, to conquer every foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless souls make known
The power that dwells in Thee alone,
And then, wherever I shall go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

Oh! make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and fervent heart desire;
Come now, my Saviour, from above,
And deluge all my soul with love,
So that, wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

Praise the Lord!

3 Time.—Come, shout and sing (B.J. 19).
With heart and voice we do rejoice
Our sins are washed away;
What joy to know that here below,
Our Lord in manner lay
For us to live and die,
Salvation to supply.
We have been born again, oh, praise the Lord!

Chorus.

We know we have been born again,
Oh, yes, praise the Lord!
We know we have been born again,
Oh, yes, praise the Lord!
We know, this very hour,
That through the Saviour's power
We have been born again, oh, praise the Lord!

His life on earth, right from His birth,
Was lived to bless mankind;
His voice so dear (oh, bless and cheer,
He gave sight to the blind);
And still He is the same,
Oh, glory to His Name!
We have been born again, oh, praise the Lord!

Shinner, would you be born again?
Come as a little child;
For Christ is here to save and cheer,
With Him be reconciled;
Yourself an offering bring,
And then with us you'll sing,
"We have been born again, oh, praise the Lord!"

Joe Cooke, Envoy.

Constrained to Love.

Tune.—This is why I love my Jesus (B.J. 104).

4 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sin has ransomed me.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love Him so—
He has pardoned my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because the Blood of Jesus,
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

Saved or Lost—Which?

Tunes.—Behold the Saviour (B.J. 53); Come, oh, come (B.J. 24); Lover of the Lord (B.J. 74); No other argument (B.J. 3); The Judgment day (B.J. 65).

5 Before the awful Judgment Throne
Each soul must take its stand—
Prepared to have a burning hell,
Or Canaan's happy land.

Chorus.

O God, prepare us for that hour,
And cleanse each soul from sin;
May we appear before Thy face,
And find we've run to win!

The hand of Death will shortly come
And still your beating heart;
So, ere your days on earth are done,
For heaven make a start.

Dark waves of bitterness and woe
For Christ-rejecters wait;
And howling fiends will laugh with scorn,
And drag them to their fate.

But, oh, for you, the Christ of God
Stands willing now to save;
He'll give you heaven, and peace, and joy,
Here and beyond the grave.

A Pressing Invitation.

Tunes.—We're travelling (B.B. 7); There is a better world (B.J. 11, 3); What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3); Will you go? (B.B. 13); Come to Me (B.J. 102, 2); Christ for me (B.B. 48).

6 We're travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Will you go?
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more.

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."
Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some shinner say,
"Let me go!"
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go!"

Music resembles poetry: In each
Are numerous graces which no methods
teach,
And which a minister alone can reach.
—Pope.

Solo for Sunday Night.

Tunes.—Going to Judgment (B.J. 241, 1; M.S. VI. 30); or, Sowing the seed.

7 Going to Judgment, not fit to lie,
Going to die, life's account to give;
Up to God's bar I must surely go,
Nothing but sin in God's Book to show;
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

Chorus.

Going to Judgment with salvation light,
Going to Judgment for not doing right;
Dreading the sentence, "Depart from Me!"
Sad, ah, sad will the Judgment be!

What if I will not salvation seek?
What if I will not hear conscience speak?
What if God's talents and time I waste,
Shunning away all the days of grace?
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I sin till my soul is lost?
What if I sink in the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to blame,
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What when the Spirit will strive no more?
What when the Master has shut the door?
What when I'm crying, "Too late! too late!"
What when destruction must seal my fate?
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

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MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; Ireland and, as far as possible, for wronged women and children, or any one in distress. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 15 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.
Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to be regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

GILBERT STOCK, 30 years of age, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes, sallow complexion, Carpenter and Joiner by trade. Not heard of since 1883. Last known address No. 6 Desrivières St., Montreal, and also Protestant Home and Refuge, Montreal. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, Age 5 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, brown eyes. Born in England for a number of years. Last known address Goodridge Road, Lincoln Street, Big cove, Canada West. Was a farmer. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DAVID and WILLIAM CRABTREE, Ages 68 and 70 years. Last known address, Helicon Bridge, Glasgow. Friends would like to know the whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MR. IRISH, Age 40, height 6 ft., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Is a waiter. Last known address Richelieu, Quebec. Sister enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GEORGE MONNINGTON, Age 2 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes, oval face, medium build, fresh complexion, scar on the back of left hand. Last known address Fort Dalhousie. May have gone to the Klondike. See enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. JOHN, or ROBERT JOHN, Born of Scotch parents in the Sea Family returned to Scotland, afterwards the above parties returned to the States. When last heard of in Adams, Mass. 17 years of age. Also.

SAM PARISH, Age 34 years, I used to live in Hanson Lane, Halifax, England. Employed by trade, Mrs. McLeit enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second Insertion.)

MR. and MRS. RACIL, Belonged to the S. A. in England. Money waiting for them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NAY, NORTH, Age 26, very tall (over 6 feet), dark complexion, brown hair, blue eyes. Strictly temperate. Left to be reformed, but never reached his destination. Conductor at Smith's Falls. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOSIAH P. MOORE, Last heard of two years ago, was in Russell, B. C. 35 years of age, height 5 ft. 11 in., grey eyes, black hair and eyebrows. Information wanted, dead or alive. His wife. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. WHITE, In 1894 was in Stratford, Ont. Age between 20 and 30 years. Important, alive or dead.

HAMILTON, James, Thomas, Paul, Samuel, George, Nicholas, and John Robert, also any of their sisters, were living in New Glasgow, N. S., and have not been heard from for over 20 years. Supposed to be in the U. S. A. May possibly be in Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MEADAM, JOHN, Last known address, 20 years ago, c/o Mrs. Smith, 102 Nazareth St., Montreal, Que. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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